They're Hungry For My Skin (Teeth Wide Smiling That They Found Me)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/25645498.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Margot Verger, Alana Bloom, Mason Verger, Dr. Cordell Doemling, Jack Crawford, Clarice Starling, Beverly Katz, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price, Mischa Lecter, Winston (Hannibal), Donald Sutcliffe
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Will Graham, Scent Marking, Sharing Clothes, mentions of past childhood sexual abuse, Molestation, Loss Of Virginity After Childhood Molestation, Nervous Will Graham, Canon-Typical Violence, Dark Will Graham, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, Cannibalism, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Murder, Post Murder Sex, Daddy Kink, Mpreg, Forced Abortion, Miscarriage, Pregnant Sex, Male Lactation, Intersex Omegas, Vaginal Sex, Vaginal Fingering, Blood and Gore, Alphas and Omegas have Fangs, Supernatural Creature- Chimera, Will Graham Has Claws, Will Graham Has Supernatural Abilities, Telepathic Communication, Biting, Bonding, Labor and Delivery, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Rutting, Breeding, Lots Of Slick And Cum, Scenting, Kidnapping, Kidnapped Will Graham, Intersex Will Graham, Knotting, Lactation Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of We Are A Happy Family -- A Happy Murder Family - Temporary Hiatus
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-01 Words: 55,690 Chapters: 1/1

They're Hungry For My Skin (Teeth Wide Smiling That They Found Me)

by LaynaVile

Summary

Dr. Hannibal Lecter was running out of time, his prime would be ending soon and while he'd never wanted children of his own, he did not want his bloodline to end. He has never been interested in typical omegas, luckily for him, a former patient may be able to help him. Mason often spoke of an unruly omega during his sessions--if even half of what Mason had said was true then the omega would be perfect for Hannibal.

Notes

Title From: Fine by Mike Shinoda
All Lithuanian and French words/sentences come from Google Translate--any errors I apologize. If you happen to speak either language and would like to correct my mistakes, please send me a message here or on Tumblr and I'm more than happy to fix it. All translations can be found in the end notes.
Not Beta'd, so all mistakes are definitely my own, if anything is glaringly wrong, please let me know and I will fix it. I've read over this at least a dozen times and think I got all the errors, but I find that the more I read something the more likely I am to get used to the mistake and read it properly even if it's not--if that makes any sense.

Check my Tumblr under the "#a/b/o hannigram au" tag for *behind the scenes* posts about the series as well as *face claims/inspiration* for the children.

See the end of the work for more notes

Dr. Hannibal Lecter was a respectable man, had many acquaintances, and hosted elaborate dinner parties often, he owned and operated his own successful private psychiatric practice, and went hunting regularly. The one thing he didn't have and desperately needed was time. Hannibal was nearing the end of his prime, not a big deal for most alphas, but Hannibal was not bonded, if he didn't find an omega to bond with by the time his prime ended, he would never father a child.

Children were not something Hannibal had ever thought about--after losing Mischa at such a young age he despised them. Nor had he ever wanted an omega, they were all too needy and soft. He had never been interested in anyone romantically, he'd taken betas into his bed in times of need, but never more than once and never, ever an omega.

But as the end of his prime drew ever closer the idea of furthering his bloodline became more appealing. He was the last of the Lecter line, mother and father had passed shortly before his sweet sister Mischa, and then his uncle Robert passed when he was in college, in a train derailment.

Hannibal being of age was given all of his family's money--not quite a billionaire, as his acquaintances in college suggested, but more than well off--and the family castle was awarded to him. At just nineteen years old Hannibal Lecter became Count Hannibal Lecter, something he'd never wanted. He *knew* it would happen someday, but he'd expected to be much older.

He did not like the idea of the Lecter blood dying out, he needed to find an omega and quickly. His biological clock was ticking rather quickly. He didn't need the omega to become pregnant immediately but he needed to be bonded before his prime ended, as long as he was bonded he would not become sterile--the bonding hormones would keep him potent--virile.

Mischa passed--was murdered in cold blood and fed to Hannibal--before she was old enough to present her subgender. Hannibal had already presented alpha at the time and had suspicions she would present as omega. She had all the signs, beauty, and softness and already at six she wanted to take care of everyone--and he could smell the subtle chamomile and honeysuckle that would become her omega scent. Their mother had been omega, she was beautiful and nurturing albeit sometimes a touch too naive, she smelled of roses. Their father was an alpha who smelled of dirt and soot--a fitting scent for the type of man he was--he was a harsh man but he provided for them. Hannibal thought he was a stupid and often a cruel man--thinking he *knew* everything, his views were archaic and uneducated, and he liked to beat on

Hannibal. He never fought back--too young to fight then after Mischa was born he was too afraid of scaring her or accidentally harming her.

He missed Mischa terribly, every day. Each hunt he went on reminded him of her, and each person he consumed helped him to feel a little better. He would never fully heal from the trauma of losing her and being forced to eat her flesh. In becoming a psychiatrist he learned new ways to cope with loss, how to handle his grief in more effective and productive ways, learning to cook had helped as well.

Hannibal hoped that when he found an omega and had a child that the baby would be like his sweet sister, soft golden curls, and sweet floral scent. He'd never been one to drink tea, but after Mischa simply catching the scent of chamomile tea made his stomach turn sour. Seeing honeysuckle flowers caused him intense rage. He learned to ignore those feelings--though they remained hidden beneath his person suit, as his psychiatrist Bedelia had called it.

With the clock metaphorically ticking inside his head, Hannibal decided to call upon a former patient. While he no longer was treating Mason, Hannibal was still treating his sister, he still had their number.

--

"I was surprised when you called, Dr. Lecter." Mason's voice was nasal and grating to Hannibal's ears, but this meeting was necessary--he had to endure.

"I require something that you alone may be able to provide me with."

"Of course, of course, though the auction isn't for another two weeks."

"I understand that, but my prime is nearly up, I have less than two years." Hannibal would rather not disclose such personal details of himself with someone like Mason Verger, but he had little choice.

"You need a bitch to breed."

The notion of calling an omega a bitch deeply upsets Hannibal--he has a feeling that by the end of this he will be the one to kill Mason if Margot doesn't beat him to it. While he has not found an omega to his liking since Mischa, he doesn't think of them as simply bitches to be bred. Their hormones guide them in acting docile and always ready to please their alpha, and while that can be nice, it's not something Hannibal wants. He wants an omega that is a predator, someone who doesn't roll over and submit easily. He wants a challenge, wants an equal partner. "You often spoke of an omega you had troubles with during our sessions. I wonder if perhaps you still have him?"

"Ooh, I certainly do, but you don't want him. He's defiant and comes with a hefty price tag, there's just something incredibly unique about him--I'm not sure I'd like to part with him. You must understand, Dr. Lecter."

"I'd like to see him, and if I find him up to my standards I will gladly pay double whatever his price is."

Mason's eyes open wide in shock, "Double? For a defiant omega, who's nearly twenty-one?"

"If he meets my requirements, yes."

"And what exactly are your requirements, Dr. Lecter?"

"Now, Mason, I can't go sharing all of my secrets with you."

"Very well. I can have him ready to be seen by Tuesday."

"I'll see him today. I don't need you to primp and prep him. I would like to see him in his natural state."

"I don't know how you think I run my *farm* but that is not it."

"Mason, I'm willing to pay you a very large sum, I don't need all the frills, bells and whistles. I would just like to see him."

"Seven hundred and fifty thousand."

"Is that double?" He had honestly expected more.

"No, double would've been five hundred thousand, I'm charging an extra two hundred and fifty thousand to see him without any preparations and on a non-auction day." The omega was only priced at two hundred and fifty thousand normally? The way Mason spoke of him, Hannibal could only imagine a sum closer to a million. Maybe Mason sold his omegas for cheap, fifty to one hundred thousand maximum regularly? No matter what the cost, if he wanted him, Hannibal had more than enough money to pay with.

"Very well. Lead the way, please."

The Omegas were kept in small cage-like structures inside the multitude of barns, some had more space than others, but Mason didn't lead Hannibal to the barn, he instead called for Cordell and the three of them went to a sort of underground bunker. Cordell grabbed a cattle prod out of a locked cabinet at the bottom of the stairs. It was rather dark and very cold even for summertime--a cooler temperature was to be expected underground but nothing like this--it couldn't have been more than thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit, barely above freezing.

The cell the omega was in was not like the others, the back and side walls were built up out of the rock, the front a thick glass material--if Hannibal had to guess he'd say it was some type of bulletproof glass, likely polycarbonate. There was a small box type opening with a padlock on the outside, perhaps to place food inside for the omega and perhaps cuff them through when it was time for an auction? There were one to two inches in diameter air holes along the top edges of the glass--to high for the omega to reach. The door to the cell was hard to detect despite the four locks on it.

The omega looked drugged, sitting slumped against the small cot against the wall, close to the small opening in the cell wall. His hair looks greasy and unruly--curls half matted down half sticking out at odd angles. His skin is pale and covered in what appear to be electrical burns--from a cattle prod perhaps--Hannibal can see the way his entire body shakes and the goosebumps on his skin. His eyes are opened, but unfocused. He doesn't look up as they enter the cell's outer room. The omega is thin and naked and Hannibal's blood boils at the sight.

"Why is he secluded?"

"He doesn't *play* well with the others."

"The reason for the locks and cattle prod as well?"

"The locks, yes. The cattle prod is for *fun* ."

"You plan to harm him?"

"Harm him? No, you said you wanted to *see* him, I intend for you to see exactly how he is." Mason pauses and motions to Cordell. "Do it."

Cordell pulls out a key ring and unlocks the padlock on the box, he shoves his hand and the cattle prod through the opening, when it touches the omega's skin he jolts--as to be expected--bares his teeth and Hannibal watches in awe as claws begin to pop from where his fingernails are.

"He has claws?" The corners of Hannibal's mouth quirked upward, this omega is becoming more interesting by the second. What other surprises does this omega possess?

"Oh yes, and the little bitch likes to use them. I keep him sedated--it is a challenge though, his body seems to run through the tranquilizers rather quickly. We have to give him triple doses multiple times a day when his heat hits."

"He's violent?"

"Quite."

Hannibal smiled, "And does he speak?"

“Not for a while, last time he spoke he was cursing and being very unpleasant, I told him I would cut his tongue out and he kept it up, so then I threatened to remove his vocal cords, he shut up quickly then. I wouldn’t have done it, he’s worth too much to be permanently damaged.”

“He doesn’t speak now? If I were to say something to him, he wouldn’t respond?” Hannibal was intrigued, did the omega not speak out of fear or was it something else?

“It’s unlikely that he would.”

Hannibal nods, “His name?”

“Dr. Lecter, he’s been here since he was six years old, the only paperwork we got about him had the name Beau Graham on it, whether it’s his name or his dead daddy's well, we’re not sure, not that we ever asked. All my omegas have a lot number, and that is what they respond to.”

Beau Graham, he’ll have to look into it if he buys the omega. Or perhaps he can get the omega to tell him the truth if the name is his or someone else’s. “Six years old? That seems quite young to be brought to a *farm* such as yours. He wouldn’t have been presented yet.”

“Well, I was still young when papa *acquired* him, but from what I was told before I took over when papa was sick, he was already displaying omega qualities and between you and me, and Cordell of course, I think papa *wanted a taste* .”

Mason couldn’t possibly be implying that his father had assaulted the child, but that’s exactly what it sounds like Molson had done. That causes Hannibal to pause, omegas in these places are supposed to be virgins. Molson certainly wouldn’t have tainted his product--that would’ve cost him money, unless he stopped when the boy presented. And at that moment Hannibal almost wishes that Molson was alive again purely so that Hannibal could slice his cock off and feed it to him, before ripping his throat out with his bare teeth.

Hannibal hums slightly, irritated but not wanting Mason to notice. "How is his health?"

"If you're asking if he's fertile, then yes he is. His other health issues are no concern of mine. I'm sure we have records somewhere, I think Margot has them in her office. I let her tend to the omegas sometimes so that she will hopefully learn her place lest she ends up in a cage with them."

Margot is not an omega, she doesn't belong in a cage with omega's that are up for auction, but that is not Hannibal's concern. "I will need all of his records. Does he require any *special* accommodations upon transport?"

"You're seriously considering buying *him* ?"

"I'm not considering Mason, I **am** buying him."

"Now?"

"Today, yes."

"You can transfer funds right away?"

"I've already spoken to my bank, yes. Whatever amount I tell them will be transferred to the Verger accounts immediately."

"Nothing special is needed, we sometimes have to put a straight jacket on him if the sedatives start to wear off--he tends to scratch and hit, a specially made mask when he feels like biting, but even then he's usually calm during transport. It's after that he gets *frisky* ."

"Is he taking any medication other than sedatives?"

"He's on extended-release suppressants, heats only come every six months, every three was just too much for us to handle."

Hannibal would immediately put a stop to that. "Prolonged use of extended-release suppressants can be detrimental to one's sexual wellbeing."

"His fertility is checked every month, it's never decreased."

"How long will it take for him to be ready to leave?"

"Cordell can have him into a transport cage in twenty minutes."

"A cage isn't necessary. I'll be taking him in my car. I just need him dressed."

"Whatever you say, as long as I'm paid you can do whatever you please with the bitch." Mason turns to Cordell, "Extra dose of sedatives to get him out of there, dress him in whatever you can find and take him to Dr. Lecter's car."

"Right away, sir."

"Come, Hannibal, we have some money to transfer." Mason motions for Hannibal to follow him up the stairs--he'd rather stay and see exactly how Cordell treats the omega, but he follows anyway, knowing that Mason could still back out, as long as the money hasn't been transferred. "I am going to miss him, he's a defiant little bitch, but he's *fun* to *play* with sometimes."

"Let us just get this money transferred and I will be on my way." They convene in Mason's office for the transfer.

The money transfer takes little more than five minutes, Hannibal calls his bank and approves the transaction, they'd been prepared for it.

"I trust you won't be interfering now that he's my property."

"Dr. Lecter, I always check on my *products* after they've been sold, at least for the first few months. And with this one, I'd like to be sure he doesn't kill you, his claws are quite sharp."

"That's not necessary, Mason. I'm quite capable of taking care of myself, and if I didn't think I could handle him, I wouldn't have purchased him."

"Suit yourself. I have a strict no returns policy, but for him.. I'm willing to make an exception, for a fee of course. You say the word, and I will have him back in that cell in no time."

"I'm certain that won't be necessary, but you have my gratitude for offering."

"I strapped him up tight in the backseat."

"I appreciate the help, thank you. Before I go, I want all records of this omega."

"I told you, Margot has them, not me."

"Then go fetch them from her."

"She isn't here."

"I do not care where she is or is not at present. I only wish to have the documentation of my omegas health and background. Do you not have access to her office?"

"Well, I,"

"It seems to me, Mason, that you are trying to hide something from me."

"Of course not. Hide something from you? That's ludicrous. My *farm* is reputable, we have high standards here and I would never jeopardize that by hiding something about my products."

"Then hand over his papers and I will be gone."

"Fine, fine, Cordell, fetch Margot from *her room* and have her get all the paperwork on lot number seven-nine-four-three-three-two." Mason's anger could easily be seen--Hannibal was certain now that Mason was trying to hide something.

Cordell nods and makes his way up towards the stairs. Hannibal can faintly hear what seems to be an angry, slurring, sluggish Margot fighting with Cordell.

A few minutes pass before Cordell reappears, documents in hand. He moves to hand them to Mason, Hannibal stops him. "I'll take them." Cordell hands the papers over slowly--hesitantly. "If this is everything, I'll be leaving now."

"Remember, Dr. Lecter, I'm just a phone call away if you want to return the bitch."

"I'll keep that in mind, now if you'll excuse me. And please let Margot know I look forward to our session next Thursday." He doesn't wait for a reply, he leaves Mason's office and heads for the front door. Hannibal is a rather calm and collected man to the outside world, underneath he is a mess of exposed nerve endings and racing thoughts. He's not worried about *handling* the omega, rather he's worried about the omega *handling* him. He has many things to find out, he hopes the omega can help him connect the dots.

He pauses before opening his car door, peering into the backseat, the omega is buckled in with the seat belt, as Cordell had said, what he hadn't said nor had Mason instructed him to do was put the omega in a straight jacket. The omega's eyes are heavy-lidded and glossy, the sedatives must be quite strong--though Hannibal suspects they are also unnecessary.

During their sessions, Mason had often spoken of his troubles running the farm after Molson had become ill and subsequently passed. He would blather on and on about an omega that caused him much stress. Painting the omega as some horrid creature, disfigured and dangerous--that is not what Hannibal sees now. He saw the omega grow claws when threatened, he saw the glint of sharp teeth that appeared much larger than that of an omega something closer to the size of an alpha's fangs, but what he truly saw in the backseat of his car was a scared omega who didn't know anything else.

Hannibal considers opening the door to the backseat, unbuckling the omega, removing the straight jacket and helping him into the front seat, he realizes though that Mason is likely watching from somewhere, be it by peeping through the blinds or on a computer monitor watching CCTV footage, Hannibal would not give him the satisfaction of seeing something go wrong *if* it did at all.

He climbs in behind the wheel, turns the key in the ignition, and pulls away from the Verger estate.

The ride is quiet, the sound of gravel then pavement crunching beneath the tires is loud and clear. He contemplates turning the radio on to fill the silence but decides against it.

--

By the time they reach Hannibal's home in Baltimore the sedatives appear to be starting to wear off. The omega's eyes are not so far closed as they were and look much clearer.

He opens the backseat door and wonders briefly if the omega will try to bite him before reaching inside, across the omega to unbuckle the seat belt. He doesn't want to hurt the omega so he carefully pulls at one of his arms and helps him out of the car.

"Please, follow me inside." He turns and makes his way to the door. Though sluggish, he hears heavy footsteps behind him--the omega had listened to him, for being so defiant as Mason had said, he seems to listen to Hannibal's instructions easily.

Once inside, and the door locked behind them, "If I take the straight jacket off, will you attack me?"

The omega shakes his head. Hannibal moves around him, untying straps and buckles. He helps the omega slide his arms out. The omega rubs at his arms with his palms, soothing an ache that Hannibal knows is there.

The clothes Cordell put on the omega are ill-fitting and dirty--a stained what appears to have been white at some point t-shirt hangs off of the omega, the pants are no better, littered with stains and holes and they have to be at least one if not two sizes too small.

"Would you like a bath first or some food? I can't imagine Mason's been feeding you well, and a bath is always pleasant." The omega shook his head. "We can forego both for a while if you need time to adjust to your new surroundings." The omega was silent, eyes cast downward--as an omega often would do, but his shoulders were squared as if he anticipated a fight. "Come, sit with me." Hannibal led the omega to the living room and motioned for him to sit on one of the sofas or chairs, whichever he preferred.

Hannibal skims the omega's papers, taking mental note of the omega's last heat, the date he'd been *taken in* by the Verger's, the only known name they had associated with him--Beau Graham, while the omega ate or bathed Hannibal would have to look the name up, run it through a few databases, see if he could find anything--until he knew more he wouldn't call the omega by that name.

"I know Mason said you can speak, but haven't for a while, was he telling the truth, can you speak?"

The omega nods.

"And you choose not to speak?"

Another nod.

"Are you afraid I'll harm you if you speak?"

This time he shakes his head, firmly.

Hannibal hums, "Would you speak for me if I asked you to do so?"

He tilts his head to the side and shrugs.

"You're supposed to follow the orders your alpha gives you, correct?"

The omega growls and bares his teeth before nodding his head.

"You don't like that, do you?"

"No." The omega's voice is quiet and hoarse from disuse, but his tone is soft and Hannibal detects an accent--perhaps southern.

"You don't want to be told what to do by an alpha." It's a statement, one that Hannibal is glad to speak, this is precisely something he wanted in an omega.

"I don't want to be commanded, forced, coerced by an alpha's voice." The omega simultaneously sounds timid and perhaps shy, while also sounding fierce and ready to fight.

"Nor do I wish to command, force, or coerce an omega with my voice."

The omega is skeptical, doesn't trust Hannibal *yet* . "No? Then why did you **buy** me?"

"My prime will end soon, I've never found an omega that could hold my interest--too soft and pliable, but you.. you are not like other omegas."

"So you want a child? After I give you that, then what?"

"I'm uncertain I want a child just yet, but when the time comes if my prime has ended, I cannot have one."

"You intend to bond with me?"

"Yes."

"Will you force me into heat to do so?"

"I've just told you, I have no intention of forcing anything."

"No, you told me you wouldn't use your voice to force me. There are medications that can force an omega into a heat."

"I'm well aware of them, but they can be harmful to the omega's sexual wellbeing, I have no intention of harming you."

"You'll wait for my heat to naturally occur? You are aware they've been injecting me with God knows what for years and shoving pills down my throat for just as long?"

"Mason spoke of sedatives and extended-release suppressants, were there others?"

The omega nods, "I don't know what they were."

"Would you be able to remember any side effects the drugs caused? If I dig out my pharmaceutical texts I may be able to figure out what they've been dosing you with."

"Maybe, I don't know."

"Would you be willing to go in for a blood test?"

"At an actual hospital?"

"Of course."

"I haven't seen a *real* doctor since dad took me when I was five."

"I have medical records here stating you're healthy and fertile."

"Maybe, but no doctor ever examined me."

"A full physical then?"

"If that's what you require."

"I'd like to be sure you are truly healthy."

"As would I.. uh if you look in those records it might say the reason I was *taken in* was that my dad passed in a boating accident, I'm not sure if that's true, but I know he was sick even if he never told me. I saw how tired he was all the time, how he barely ate, tissues with blood on them after he'd cough. I don't know what he was sick with, but I know he was."

"I'm sorry about that. I'll have all the testing done on you if you'd like, check for forms of cancer, autoimmune disorders, anything harmful."

"Thank you, uh, I never actually caught your name, I can call you alpha if you'd like."

"Dr. Hannibal Lecter, but please, just Hannibal will be fine. The only name listed in your paperwork is Beau Graham, is that your name?"

The omega is silent for a minute, eyes closed--he looks *hurt* , "No, no, my name is William, uh Will Graham. Beau was my father."

"I had suspected, which is why I hadn't called you by it, I told you I have no intention of harming you, and I feel the subject of your father is painful."

"Yes, it is. Thank you for *trying* ."

"I have a few more questions, but I think they can wait for the time being. Would you like to take that bath now? Or perhaps I can heat you some of the leftovers from my lunch? I've been told I am an excellent cook, though I'm sure anything would be better than what Mason has been feeding you."

"Scraps mostly."

"A tragedy, food is something everyone should be able to enjoy. Please, let me heat something for you."

"Okay, and then a bath does sound nice."

Hannibal smiles, it's small and half-hidden but it's there. "Would you like to eat in the dining room or kitchen?"

"I have a choice? For the last fourteen or so years of my life I've eaten in the same room I shit in and slept in, I think anywhere would be a better choice than that."

Hannibal tried to ignore the images of Will, as he so eloquently put, shitting and eating in the same space. Thinking back on it now, he cannot recall seeing a toilet in the cell Will had been kept in, he couldn't help the grimace that crossed his expression momentarily at the thought. "The kitchen will suit fine then, please follow me."

He motions for Will to sit at the counter on one of the barstools, "Would you like a drink?"

"Water, if that would be okay."

Hannibal nods takes a glass from the cupboard and fills it with a few ice cubes and water from the fridge dispenser. He sets the glass in front of Will on the counter, "I regret to admit this, but I've been feeling rather anxious and distracted the last few days, likely from the impending meeting with Mason. I prepared osso buco with saffron-scented risotto and zucchini for dinner last night and that was also my lunch today, I would say I hope that doesn't disappoint you but as we've established anything is better than what Mason fed you, though I would very much like to prepare you something fresh for dinner."

"Well I'll admit, the only word I recognize there is 'zucchini', but I'm sure it will taste good whether or not I know what it is. If you like to cook, then I'd be grateful for something fresh, but anything will do."

Hannibal warmed the entire pan of food in the oven, the foil on top helped to keep the risotto moist as it heated. He had a microwave, but tried not to use it often--the food heated unevenly no matter the make, model, or brand of microwave, no matter if it cost him ten dollars or hundreds.

"It shouldn't take long to warm in the oven."

"You said you had more questions for me and that they could wait, I can practically *see* them running through your mind, if I have answers to them, I'll gladly answer."

Hannibal doesn't want to hurt Will, nor does he want to press any buttons and cause him to become violent, he wants Will's predator side to come out but not directed at him--maybe one day they can hunt together. "If you prefer not to answer something, simply say so and I won't press the issue."

"Can I smell *fear,* Dr. Lecter?"

"Hannibal, please, Will." He reminds him gently. "You can't possibly smell anything other than my natural alpha scent, and I am not afraid of you."

"What if I can, smell fear and other things?"

"You'd have to be something *other* ."

"Maybe I am."

"You do possess the ability to grow claws, and you have fangs like an alpha, what other secrets do you hide, Will?"

"Not so fast, Hannibal. You tell me yours and I'll tell you mine. But now, I think you had a few questions."

"Very well, I've noticed that I cannot detect an omega scent on you, do you know why that is? Is that Mason's doing?"

"I have an omega scent, maybe your nose isn't developed well enough to catch it."

"I'll have you know my sense of smell is quite well developed as is my hearing. I caught the scent of terminal stomach cancer on a teacher once before even he knew. I'll ask again, is the lack of scent due to something Mason has done to you, given you?"

Will shakes his head, "I'm impressed, smelling terminal cancer--seems like that could be useful. Do you smell anything *terminal* on me?"

"You're avoiding my question, Will." He counters, "No, I cannot smell anything of the sort on you, still a full physical is something we'll do."

"Mason hasn't done anything to me to affect my scent, nothing he's given me--to my knowledge of course--is affecting it either. You should be able to smell me, especially if your olfactory sense is as good as you say."

"Perhaps the reason your scent eludes me is that you are *other* ."

Will smiles, light glinting off his fangs, "Perhaps. Maybe I'm the reason you can't scent me, maybe I hide it."

"Is there something you'd like to tell me about that, Will?"

“Now? No, maybe soon.”

“Will.” The sharp edge of an alpha command is present in his voice.

“You said you wouldn’t use your alpha voice to force me to do anything.”

“And I’m not, I apologize for that. I would like to know what exactly you are if it’s not a purely human omega, which I’m positive isn’t the case now.”

“I barely know you, you may have bought me, maybe my *owner* , but you are **not** my alpha, not yet. Give me a chance to know you, trust you, and then I will tell you everything you want to know about what I am.”

“So you admit you are something *other* ?”

“Yes.”

“Very well, one more question about it then before I move on to something else.”

Will’s eyebrow quirks upward, but he stays quiet.

“Did **any** of the Verger’s know what you truly are?”

“I suspect that their father did, yes, though I don’t think he knew everything. Before Mason threatened my speech, I would sometimes talk to Margot. She knows bits and pieces as well, but nowhere everything.”

“You and Margot were friendly?”

“Friendly? I’m unsure that would describe our relationship. Margot is a Verger in the end, as much as she may dislike her brother, she would have defended him against me had anything happened. Margot and I had a complex relationship, I was someone she could come to vent and occasionally beat if she was particularly angry with Mason. In exchange, she helped me learn things.”

“Ah, we’ve stumbled onto the topic of my next question, you were *taken in* when you were very young, did you go to school at all? I know some,” Hannibal hesitates.

“Breeder? Farms? Is one of them the term you’re looking for?”

“Yes, I know most don’t *take in* anyone until they’ve presented so the omegas typically have attended school until eighth to tenth grade. But being that you were so young,”

Will interrupts--Hannibal would typically find the behavior incredibly rude, “You want to know if I went to school? If I’m stupid or something, yeah? No, Hannibal, I am not stupid as I’m sure you can tell by how well I am speaking to you. I may not know about fancy food items but I am not stupid.” Will is upset, visibly so.

“I didn’t mean to imply you were stupid nor did that cross my mind. I simply wondered what schooling you’ve had with every intention of helping you learn anything you don’t already know and would like to.”

He could smell the food in the oven, he walked away from the counter before Will could speak again. He opened the oven door, grabbed an oven mitt, and pulled the pan out, disposing of the tin foil and putting the food onto the plate.

“I wasn’t trying to upset you, I wanted to offer my assistance.” He sets the plate in front of Will as he speaks.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have assumed that’s what you meant, I just--Mason is a cruel man and would often taunt me, call me a useless, idiot omega. It only happened after auctions when I wasn’t purchased. He knew there was the possibility of a large payout for me, but he couldn’t seem to understand why, and when I wasn’t purchased he would get angry.” Will picks the fork and knife up, “You trust me to use a knife? I never got one in the cell.”

“I trust you can manage a fork and knife unless you’d like me to cut the meat up for you.”

Will shakes his head, “No, thank you for the offer. Before I presented Mr. Verger had a teacher come in every day and that was my schooling. Once I presented though, the teacher didn’t return. I missed learning. After he passed and Mason took over, I briefly hoped that maybe he would bring my teacher back--surprise, he didn’t.” Will cuts a chunk of meat as he speaks, he brings the fork to his mouth, Hannibal can hear how the meat squishes beneath his teeth as he chews. “This is very good, Hannibal. Thank you.”

Hannibal smiles, “You are most welcome, and thank you for the compliment.” He wonders if Will had much meat in his diet and could taste the difference, or if his *other* could detect that the meat was something else than what Hannibal had said, though Will had told him he didn’t even know what osso buco was--either way if Will knew there was something different with the meat, he didn’t say anything.

“The first time Margot came into my cell under the guise of giving me my medication, she hit me, my first instinct was to attack her and defend myself, but something about her made me pause. We spoke that night and in exchange for me being someone she could hurt, she became my teacher. She helped me learn to read better than I had known, my handwriting improved with Margot’s help, she educated me in ways a school wouldn’t.”

“I’m glad you had someone to help you, even if she had to hurt you first.”

Will finished off the meat before speaking again, “We all do what we must to survive. I knew if I harmed her, no matter how much money I could bring in, that Mason would have killed me. So I let her use me in exchange for something I wanted, knowledge.”

“You are a survivor, Will. As am I, but that is a story for another time. Finish your meal and I will show you to the bathroom.”

Will nodded, and started on the zucchini, he made a face upon his first bite but continued eating. Will ate quickly, scarfing down food as if it would disappear from in front of him. Hannibal feared Will may get sick.

He put Will's plate and glass into the sink, rinsed them quickly then led Will to the upstairs bathroom. "Would you prefer a bath or a shower?"

"I think a bath would be nice, I've been getting hosed off for years, the last bath I remember my father gave me."

Hannibal nods, "I'll start the water, and go fetch you some clean clothes to put on. Make yourself comfortable, use the toilet if you need to, I'll be back shortly."

Hannibal went to his closet, found an old red sweater--it would be big on Will but definitely a step up from what Cordell had put on him--he hadn't worn it for some time, he searched for a pair of slacks that would fit but being that Will was so thin nothing would likely fit, he grabbed a pair of plain black pajama bottoms that could be tied tighter--they were a simply cotton and not silk like most of his others--then a pair of black socks and finally a pair of white boxers-briefs, Will could wear them if he wanted though like the pants Hannibal figured they would be too big.

When he returns to the bathroom Will is standing there stark naked, watching the water as it fills the bathtub. The clothes he'd been wearing are in a pile on the floor.

"Everything alright, Will?"

"Yes, everything is fine. I was just watching it fill up and thinking back to my last bath--thinking of my dad pouring bubble bath soap in and the little yellow rubber ducky I'd had and the tugboat that spit water out. I miss him so much."

"I don't have any bath toys, but I do have some lavender bubble bath soap if you'd like me to add some. It helps to relax and it aids in sleeping. I haven't used it for a while, but it is rather

soothing."

"Oh, uh thank you, but maybe next time."

"As you wish. It's almost finished filling up, would you like me to stay with you? Otherwise, I'll go get started on dinner, I know you've just eaten but it may take me a little while to figure something out. I haven't been shopping for about a week."

"Would you mind staying? At least for a few minutes."

"Of course not. I wouldn't have offered otherwise." Hannibal turns the water off and motions for Will to get in.

He sighs as he sits in the warm water. "Feels nice."

"I would imagine so, next time you would like a bath, I'll offer you the master bathroom, the bathtub in there is much larger and has jets. I didn't want to overwhelm you by taking you through my bedroom just yet."

"Overwhelm me?"

"My scent is strongest there, being that I sleep in there and during the night cannot control my natural scent marking of the room during sleep. I've also masturbated in there, recently and it would be wise to air the room out before you go inside."

"Your scent doesn't overwhelm me."

"You haven't gotten to experience it fully." Hannibal hands a washcloth to Will from the linen closet, "The cream-colored bottle is body wash, the white one is shampoo and the black bottle is conditioner."

"Thank you." Will dips the washcloth into the water, squeezes it out so that it is not dripping and pour some of the liquid from the cream-colored bottle onto it. He lathers up the soap by rubbing the cloth together gently then begins to clean himself, starting behind his ears then down his neck and chest, under his arms, down their length--Hannibal's eyes follow the cloth as it moves across Will's skin, he averts his gaze when the cloth dips beneath the water and Will begins washing his thighs. "I've told you that I am *other* , an enhanced olfactory sense is part of that, I've been wrapped in your scent since we were in your car. It doesn't bother me, it's comforting--it reminds me a little of my dad, your scent is much different than his was but the intensity and warmth of it is similar."

"What do I smell like to you, Will?"

"Spiced wine and cinnamon." A person cannot detect their own scent even with an enhanced olfactory sense, Hannibal has been told his scent is spicy--like capsaicin with a sour after scent similar to cheap red wine.

"Interesting, not what I've heard before."

"Do you allow many people to scent you so fully?"

"No, the few I have though had a different opinion than yours." Hannibal glances back to Will and sees that he is done scrubbing himself with the washcloth. The water is looking rather murky from grime on Will's skin.

"Would you like to scent me, Hannibal?"

"More than anything else at present."

"I wasn't lying when I told you nothing, to my knowledge at least had been done to me or given to me to affect my scent, but I do know what could be concealing it. It's not something I know how to control really, it's an uh ability, I guess. I have quite a few that I'm not sure how to control or use."

"Such as? You said you'd tell me once you trusted me, do you trust me now? It's only been half an hour."

"I'm not sure. I'd like to trust you if you plan to bond with me, I also know trusting someone so quickly is quite naive. I don't want to trust you and tell you things about myself only to have you betray me and in turn, force me to kill you. I don't want to kill anyone, anyone else I mean."

"Anyone else? You've killed before?"

"Mason didn't tell you?" Genuine surprise fills Will's voice.

"He said you were violent, but not that you'd killed someone."

“More than one someone.”

“How many?” Hannibal’s curiosity is well and truly peaked now. Will **is** a predator, even if he doesn’t want to kill anyone else.

“Three. The first one was when I was thirteen. I’d just presented, I was so scared. I didn’t mean to--no, that’s not true, I did mean to do what I did, though I had meant to stop. As I’m sure you know omega presentation can be difficult, more so than alpha presentation.” He pauses, seemingly gathering his thoughts.

“I’ve never seen it, I’ve heard accounts of an omega presentation in medical school as well as from patients. That first omega heat can be more intense than a fully developed heat.”

“Yes, the heat, can you even imagine how it felt to be a thirteen-year-old boy with a sudden fever and intensely painful cramps, and not quite understanding why? And then you start *leaking* and it won’t stop and you feel disgusting, it comes from everywhere down there, your cock leaks, your vagina, even your asshole--it’s very messy and the wetness gets uncomfortable very quickly and nothing you do makes it stop. I was terrified, I *knew* what was happening, but I thought I was *dying* . One of the other omegas tried to help me, he kept trying to touch me, I was a kid and I was scared, I didn’t know how to control it like I do now, but my claws grew and I shoved them into his belly, everything was so slick from his blood. I didn’t stop though once he fell to the floor, I ripped him open until I could see his spine.”

This must be what Mason meant by, ‘Doesn’t *play* well with the others’, interesting, Hannibal wants to know more.

“That must’ve been traumatic.”

“Traumatic? No, that wasn’t the traumatic part, the heat was. Killing the man was necessary, ripping him apart that way, was not. After that I was secluded a bit, it wasn't until I attacked Mason that I was put into that cell underground.”

“And the others? You said there were three.”

“The water is getting cold and I haven’t washed my hair yet.”

“You don’t want to talk about it now.” It’s not a question, Will is clearly avoiding saying anything else. “I was going to suggest draining the water and having you rinse off and wash your hair under the spray of the shower.”

“I’ll tell you, I will, just not right this moment, I am getting cold and think this bath has gone on long enough.” Will pulls the plug from the tub without Hannibal’s instruction, the water drains rather quickly, swirling around the drain opening and making gurgling noises. Will stands, “Would you help me get the shower started? I’d like to finish this up and get dressed.”

Hannibal nods, reaching in to turn the knobs, telling Will which handle does what and how to change the water flow from the faucet to the showerhead.

He watches as Will adjusts the temperature a bit, turning the knob more so towards the hot side than Hannibal had it. He pours a bit too much shampoo into his palm before lathering it through his hair, he rinses then moves onto the conditioner, “Less this time, otherwise, your hair will become greasy.” Hannibal tells him while rummaging through the medicine cabinet, he doesn’t suspect Mason supplies his *stock* with toothbrushes but he can tell by the state of Will’s teeth that they are taken care of--likely because the omegas value would decrease if they were missing teeth or had horrible cavities. He finds a toothbrush that is still in the wrapper just as the water turns off. Hannibal sets the package onto the counter and moves to hand Will a large, fluffy towel.

“Wrap it around your body, and then I’ll grab another to help dry your hair.”

Will complies and then together they pat and rub his hair dry with a smaller towel.

“I’ve found a toothbrush for you to use and there is a new tube of toothpaste in the drawer here. Brush your teeth and get dressed, I’ll be in the kitchen when you’re ready to talk more. Otherwise, the guest bedroom is the door directly across the hall from here, you can go lie down if you’d like, and I’ll fetch you when dinner is ready.” Hannibal retreats before Will can say anything else.

Once downstairs Hannibal calls in a favor at a local clothing store and has them deliver some clothes that should fit Will a bit better. He’ll work on getting Will in for an appointment with his tailor soon.

--

For the first three days, they don’t speak much, Hannibal understands that Will is adjusting to new surroundings--and freedoms. He hears Will awake at all hours of the night wandering the halls, checking the closets, and looking at all the books in Hannibal’s study. He often wonders when Will will stumble upon the door in the floor of the pantry that leads to the basement. He wonders if Will can already smell the blood and decay coming from down there--Hannibal is very meticulous in cleaning up, but even he can still detect the faint odor of blood when in the pantry at least.

As Will wanders the house at night he scent marks everything, whether it’s intentional or not Hannibal cannot say, the first morning when he realizes what Will had done he gets angry--he doesn’t yell at Will of course but he does walk around his entire home cleansing and remarking many of the places Will had marked. The second morning Hannibal doesn’t even bother--it's Will's home now as well and Hannibal doesn't see him stopping anytime soon.

Hannibal was prepared to spend time at home with the omega he planned to purchase, he told his patients he would be taking a month-long vacation if they weren't okay with missing sessions for such an extended period of time, he happily wrote them a referral to another psychiatrist. He also gave all of them a list of a few of his colleagues whom he'd gotten to agree to take in Hannibal's patients if they were in a crisis and needed an emergency session.

A week passes without any significant incidents; Will walks in on Hannibal as he’s using the toilet once in the downstairs bathroom and Hannibal catches Will rummaging through the kitchen cabinets one night looking for *snacks* because he hasn’t had any since he was little. They need to go to the grocery store soon, Hannibal has every intention of getting Will whatever *snacks* he wants when they go.

“Would you like to come with me to the grocery store after breakfast?” Hannibal asks as he mixes the eggs, peppers, and onions in a bowl, he already has the sausages crisping up in a skillet on the stove--he’ll combine them all to make a nice protein scramble to start their day.

Will sits on a barstool at the counter sipping on a cup of coffee that he insisted he wanted to try--though if the sour expression he’s making is anything to go by he doesn’t seem to like it much--while he watches Hannibal cook their breakfast. “Leave the house?”

“Of course, we’ll have to go out in a few days anyway for your physical.” Hannibal pours the egg mixture into the pan. “You may stay here if you’d like, but you are not a *prisoner* here, Will, if you’d like to come to the store and pick out some food items you’d like to try or that you remember from childhood you are more than welcome to come with me.” He stirs the eggs around with a spatula, making sure they don’t burn.

“You want to let me pick out my own food?”

Hannibal hums the affirmative, “You were looking for *snacks* just two nights ago, Will.”

“Yes, but that doesn’t mean that you have to buy me them.”

“I’d like to though. I can’t begin to imagine how growing up where you did was, but I know that it wasn’t pleasant, I’d like to try to make up for some of that. I know that no matter how many *snacks* I buy you will ever erase the memories, but I’d like you to be happy here.” He turns both burners off, the sausages are sufficiently crisped and the eggs are nearly fully cooked. “Have I done anything in the last week to indicate that just because I technically own you that you have no free will?”

Will shakes his head, “No, no, of course not. I’m just not used to all of this yet. I was always told that once I was bought I would be forced into a heat, possibly bonded but more likely simply bred over and over for the rest of my life. I **hated** --still hate--the thought of that. I was so ready to fight against whoever bought me, but you’ve been nothing like what I expected. You’ve done nothing to indicate an ulterior motive, but I’m still afraid that *something* will change and you will decide that I’m not worth the time and effort and you will try to **take** what you think is yours because you **own** me and then I’ll have to..” Will swallows harshly, “I don’t want to harm you, Hannibal.”

“Nor do I want to harm you, mylimasis.” Hannibal combines the cut-up sausages with the eggs and vegetables and puts them into bowls for them, he motions for Will to follow him into the dining room. “Eat your breakfast and think about coming to the grocery store with me, if you decide you would like to go after breakfast we can both go shower and go to the store. If you decide you’d rather stay here that is fine, and if you can think of anything you remember from childhood that you would like me to see if they have I can make a list before I leave.”

Will doesn’t say anything, he sips his coffee and takes small bites of his food--Hannibal can practically see the cogs turning inside his brain and he weighs his options. As they place their bowls, silverware, and mugs into the dishwasher, Will finally speaks again, “I think that I would like to come with you. What if.. what if I *misbehave* at the grocery store?”

“Misbehave? What do you mean?”

“I’ve not had much social interaction in the last fourteen years, Hannibal, what happens if someone gets too close and I pop claws and hurt them?”

“That won’t happen.”

“How can you be so sure? I startle easily and react violently.”

“I’m sure because I will be right there with you, Will and if at any point you start to feel anxious or threatened we can return to the car for a breather and then go back and finish our shopping, or if you’d rather you can wait in the car and I will finish the shopping alone, or if it’s truly that horrid an experience I will bring you home and then return to do the shopping later.”

“You’d truly leave the store for me?”

“Why wouldn’t I? I’ve just told you, I want you to be comfortable, and if you become uncomfortable in the store I will do everything I can to alleviate that.”

“Everything seems surreal.”

“I assure you, Will, everything that has happened between us has been very real.” He takes Will’s hand into his, “Let’s go get ready for the day.” He lets go of Will’s hand when they get to the stairs.

--

Upon entering the store Hannibal can hear Will’s heart rate spike just a little bit. “It’s okay, Will, nothing is going to happen, the store isn’t typically very busy at this early hour.”

“Would, um, would it be alright if I hold your hand or sleeve or something?”

“It may end up being a little difficult to push a cart with one hand, but I’m willing to try.” He holds his hand out to Will--he takes Hannibal’s hand and quickly laces their fingers.

“If it gets to be too difficult say so and I’ll let go. I just feel like the touch will help.”

“Of course, mylimasis. Now, let’s go look at the produce.”

Hannibal is a strong man, and while pushing a cart with one hand is a challenge, he manages to keep Will calm, he knows it will get more difficult with each item they place into the cart, but he’ll make do--he lifts the dead weight of men and women often enough.

Will seems drawn to the broccoli, cherries, blueberries, and asparagus. “Can we get them?”

“As much as you’d like.”

Hannibal grabs two ten-pound bags of potatoes, one baby reds, and the other Yukon gold. Some fresh spinach, basil, and parsley. Two cucumbers, a bunch of vine-ripe tomatoes, two acorn squash, a carton of strawberries, three pink lady apples, four vibrant green granny smith apples, two limes, one lemon, a package of fresh mint, a head of lettuce, and one of red cabbage. “Would you like anything else from this section, Will? If not, we’ll go to see what cuts of meat they have today.”

“No, thank you, Hannibal.”

Hannibal strokes the back of Will’s hand with his thumb.

He’s a smart man and has come up with many, many ways to disguise the meat he cooks as other things--but he simply cannot disguise it as fish or fowl.

“Can we get some shrimp if they have any? The last time I had shrimp was when my dad

made gumbo for my sixth birthday."

Hannibal makes a mental note to make gumbo for Will soon, it also somewhat confirms Hannibal's suspicions that Will is originally from the south--likely Louisiana based off the slight French influence in Will's pronunciation of certain words. "Let's see if they have any." Hannibal smiles, he'll have to ask Will soon where exactly he's from. He intends to find out for certain and cook all different traditional meals from the area for Will.

They find some nice looking fresh shrimp, a few packages of fresh chicken breasts, and thighs. Hannibal considers buying a duck but decides against it this time.

"Would you like to go look at some *snacks* now?"

"You don't have to buy me junk food, Hannibal."

"Of course I do. Whatever you want, Will."

"I know how particular you are about what you put into your body."

"Precisely, but I won't be eating them, you will be, and don't try to come up with any excuses, such as my wanting you to eat the same things I do--I will provide you with enough fruits, vegetables, and proteins that some *snacks* won't hurt." He leads Will to the aisle with the chips and soda, he'll take him to the ice cream and candy aisle next, then to see the snack cakes near to the bread and, finally he will take Will to see the bakery department.

Will hesitates, "I'm not even sure I remember what a potato chip tastes like, and since when do they make spicy dill pickle flavor?"

"If you'd like to try them, grab a bag."

"I'm not sure."

"Anything that looks good."

"This could get very expensive, Hannibal."

"Money is nothing to worry about, I have more than I likely will ever need."

"Well, then if you're sure it won't be too much money.." Will says grabbing one bag of each flavor.

Will looks at the soda next, "I remember having orange soda a lot when I was little, dad always drank Dr. Pepper."

"Go ahead, whichever ones you want. I'll say this one more time only, whatever you'd like to have or try just put in the cart and I will buy it. You do not need to explain your choices to me nor ask for my permission first, okay?"

“Okay, thank you.” Will grabs a two-liter bottle of orange Crush soda, a two-liter bottle of Dr. Pepper, and a two-liter bottle of root beer.

Will passes on the candy and selects a small carton of vanilla ice cream, Hannibal offers to buy a bigger container or any of the other flavors, but Will insists that vanilla is his favorite ice cream flavor but he’s worried if he has a larger container he will eat it all in one sitting and make himself sick. They both laugh at the thought and move on.

A few boxes of Hostess snack cakes--ding dongs and twinkies and coffee cakes--a package of mini powdered sugar donuts, and a box of peanut butter cheese crackers goes into the cart next. Then they move onto the bakery department, along the way Hannibal snags a carton of eggs and a gallon of milk, two pounds of butter, a bottle of extra virgin olive oil, and a jug of blended cooking oil--a blend of canola, sunflower and soybean oils.

Once they reach the bakery department Will lets go of Hannibal’s hand--much to Hannibal’s surprise--to wander around looking at everything on the tables and display racks and inside the coolers.

He picks out a simple cheesecake--Hannibal could make one that was much better he’s sure, most of what Will had picked out Hannibal could make a better version of, but he told Will he could have anything--a package of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies, and something that honestly makes Hannibal’s stomach turn--a pumpkin pie--he’s never been a huge fan of pumpkin anything. Hannibal grabs a few loaves of bakery fresh bread--Vienna, rye, sour-dough, and wheat.

They go through the checkout without incident, though Will makes a small startled sound when the cashier reads off the total amount due. Hannibal quietly shushes him as he pays.

--

Upon arriving home, Hannibal discovers another of Will’s *abilities* --apparently, Will has a bit of super strength, he carries almost every bag into the house at once. Hannibal grabs the two remaining bags and rushes to catch up with Will and unlock the door for him.

Will insists on helping Hannibal put everything away.

Hannibal clears out two cabinets--putting the items into the pantry instead--and tells Will to put his *snacks* there so that he will know right where to find them.

Once everything is put away, he asks if Will has anything special he would like for dinner when Will says nothing, Hannibal decides to ask, “Will, if you don’t mind me asking, where did you grow up?”

“Louisiana--New Orleans for a bit, Baton Rouge, near Shreveport for a bit. Uh then we moved to Wolf Trap, Virginia and then dad passed, and well you know the rest.”

“I had suspected Louisiana. But no, Will, I don’t know the rest, someday I hope you feel comfortable enough to tell me, for now though, I know enough. I think I’ll look through my

recipes and see if I can find something typical of Louisiana to make for dinner.

Hannibal ends up finding a recipe for Ya-Ka-Mein, an Asian inspired dish consisting of a rich, salty broth, noodles, beef--which he has the perfect cut of waiting in the freezer--a hard-boiled egg, green onions, and shrimp--which Will had specifically asked for at the store, he'd mentioned gumbo at the time and Hannibal will be making that soon for sure, but this meal seems like it will be a quick fix for tonight and will hopefully remind Will of his childhood.

--

Hannibal has known Donald Sutcliffe since medical school, he specializes in neurology now, early in his residency he stuck close to general medicine especially concerning omegas--which he still takes a special interest in. Hannibal calls him and talks him into examining Will--Hannibal could do the examination himself but he'd already told Will he would take him to a doctor's office, besides that Hannibal was a surgeon, not a GP other than the residency required time, and he never specialized in omegas, in-fact he tried to avoid them.

"I haven't been a GP in years, but Hannibal is very persuasive. Please have a seat, Mr. Graham."

Will looks to Hannibal before sitting.

"Hannibal has informed me of your *situation* , but I do have a few questions."

"Donald, I assure you I've informed you of everything you need to know."

"Mr. Graham, would you mind answering a few questions?"

"My name is Will, not Mr. Graham. If you don't mind."

Hannibal smiles at the snark in Will's tone.

"Of course, Will. Would you mind answering some questions?"

"That depends on what your questions are."

"He's got an attitude." Dr. Sutcliffe speaks to Hannibal instead of Will. Addressing the alpha

instead of the omega directly is an archaic practice. Omegas were seen as lesser--not worthy of being spoken to. Some people still believe that however, Hannibal is not one of them. He's not above purchasing an omega, and while the buying and selling of omegas is not illegal, it is heavily frowned upon and seen as an archaic practice. Hannibal thinks of himself as a progressive man, someone who doesn't judge a person based on their subgender. He kills and eats the rude no matter what their subgender is--all subgenders are equal in that regard.

Hannibal is becoming quite vexed with Donald as the appointment goes on--was he ever truly *friends* with this man? It was a long time ago and it was during medical school perhaps Hannibal's judgment was skewed back then. "You will speak to Will directly or not at all, Donald."

"I apologize. A few questions and then we can get the exam over with."

Will nods but doesn't say anything.

"At what age was your presentation heat?"

"I was thirteen."

"Young then, hmm.."

"Young? Subgender presentation can occur anytime after the age of thirteen."

"Yes, that is true, but it's more common for an omega to present closer to the age of fifteen. Not in all cases of course but in a lot of cases omegas develop slower than alphas and even betas. It often takes longer for omega hormones to develop and internal reproductive organs to form fully. An omega presenting at thirteen or even fourteen often indicates an anomaly in the omegas genes. It's nothing that could end up harming them of course, it's something akin to a fast metabolism."

"Is there a point to this?" Will asks incredulously.

"I find omegas quite intriguing."

"Again, is there a point?"

"I was merely curious." Dr. Sutcliffe writes something down, "Have you had a pelvic exam since your presentation?"

Will visibly stiffens in his seat, Hannibal can practically feel how uncomfortable he is. "No, and I don't want one."

"It's a simple exam, and it won't hurt you."

"I don't want you to touch me there. Hannibal, please don't let him."

"I can assure you, mylimasis, he will **not** touch you or do anything you do not want him to."

“I would never do something to a patient without consent, but I strongly advise a pelvic exam, to make sure everything is developed properly. We can also screen for cervical and uterine cancer as well as prostate if you’d like.”

“No.” Will is visibly agitated, Hannibal fears Will’s claws may make an appearance--how would Donald react to them, would he be afraid or would it make him want to study Will, more so than he already does?

“We did not come here for that, Donald. I want his heart and lungs checked, and MRI to check his brain and if you don’t mind I’d like a CT scan to make sure Mason hasn’t left any surprises inside Will, tracking chips and the like.”

“If you change your mind on the pelvic exam, just let me know.”

“I won’t be changing my mind,” Will growls and Hannibal can’t help but stare as the light glints off his fangs. “Do you have any more questions or can we just get this all over with?”

“Nothing at this time, if you’ll follow me into the exam room we’ll get this show on the road.”

The time in the exam room is short, height and weight, blood pressure, and heart rate, he listens to Will’s heart and lungs and checks his oxygen levels. The CT scan reveals nothing out of the ordinary, thankfully.

The MRI doesn’t go as smoothly. Donald looks at the images of Will’s brain in amusement like he’s something to be studied, rambling on about mirror neurons and talking about how fascinating his brain is.

“I would love to study his mind, would you be amenable to that?”

“Absolutely not. If anyone is going to study Will, it will be me. I apologize, Donald. Thank you for checking Will’s health.”

--

In the car on the way home, “I didn’t like him.”

“I apologize, Will. I admit it has been a long time since I’ve spoken to Donald, but from everything I’ve seen he was a well respected and competent doctor The way he treated you was highly unacceptable.”

“You don’t have to apologize for him, but please don’t make me go back there again."

“Never, Will.”

--

At the end of the month, Hannibal informs Will that he has to go to work, and is leaving Will home alone. They had gone grocery shopping together a handful of times during the month but Hannibal hadn't left Will alone in the house at all.

“I don’t know if that’s such a good idea, Hannibal.”

“You’ll be perfectly fine and my office isn’t so far away, call me and I can be here in as little as fifteen minutes.”

“Unless you are with a patient, yes, I know that Hannibal, but I don’t think I should be left here alone.”

“As you’ve said, but you haven’t told me why you feel that way.”

“I’m afraid I’ll start to feel caged again--I can feel my *abilities* trying to *do* something.”

“I would bring you with me, but Will, you must understand as a psychiatrist I have to abide by doctor-patient confidentiality laws.”

“I understand, I just, I don’t want to do something *bad* while you’re gone.”

“What are you so afraid that you will do?”

“Piss on the carpet in defiance, feel so alone and abandoned, and shift into *something* , I don’t know.”

“Shift? You can change shape?” He still hasn't gotten Will to tell him more about his *other* status.

“Shit, I haven’t even told you what I am yet. I can shift in a sense, not fully change shape, but you’ve seen my claws, those are a form of shifting and the suppression of my scent is also part of that, I don’t really know how to control it, but I know that parts of me can change, and I’m feeling like I am going to shift and get stuck if I start feeling abandoned. I’m starting to get used to being around someone else so regularly, you leaving so soon scares me.”

They'll speak of shifting and other abilities later, “You like being around me?”

“Very much so, yes. I was afraid I wouldn’t but now I’m afraid that maybe I like it a little too well.”

“Is there anything I can do, other than staying home, that will help calm you while I’m gone?”

“I don’t know, can, can I scent you before you go? Will you scent mark me before you go?”

“My scent will help?”

“I mean it’s everywhere but muted throughout the house, but I think having more of it will

help."

"Come here." He doesn't use his voice to command Will, but he obeys as if it was a command. Hannibal's arms wrap around Will, he tilts his head to the side and lets Will press his nose to the scent gland there. He can hear how deeply Will is breathing in, he can also feel Will's entire body relax at least a little bit. Hannibal rubs the scent glands on his wrists against Will's shirt as he holds him--not exactly scent marking him, but definitely leaving small traces of his scent there. "Will, look at me, please."

He lifts his face from Hannibal's neck, his pupils are blown wide open--something Hannibal has only read of happening when an omega scents an alpha--and he's smiling softly.

"Would you like to spend the time I'm gone in my bed?"

"In your bed? I'm not allowed in your room *yet* ."

"I want you to be comfortable while I'm gone, if my scent helps so much, I think that would be the best place for you to be now."

"Can I," Will pauses and Hannibal can see the uncertainty in his expression.

"Can you what, mylimasis?"

"Would it be okay if while you were gone, I wore something of yours, I just want to be able to *feel* your scent all over me."

"Would you like something from my closet or something I've already worn that is in the hamper?"

"If I say hamper, will you be angry?"

"Of course not."

"I promise you won't come home to find me with your underwear on my head."

Hannibal laughs, "Of course not, perhaps a sweater would do?"

"Yes, I think that would be nice."

Hannibal takes Will's hand and leads him up the stairs, he takes Will into the master bedroom, he pays close attention to Will as they enter the room--Will breathes in deeply and Hannibal can hear his heart rate quicken. He takes Will to the bed and instructs him to sit. Hannibal steps into the bathroom and pulls the eggplant-colored sweater he'd worn the evening before out of the hamper. He sniffs it and smells his own sweat and body wash. He knows Will will be able to smell his alpha scent on it as well.

"Here, put it on." Will takes the sweater from Hannibal and pulls it over his head.

“Thank you, I feel a bit more grounded--settled now.”

“Good. I do have to leave soon though. I’ll bring the phone up here so you can call me if you need to.” Hannibal dashes out of the room and down the stairs, he grabs the cordless phone off of the base in the kitchen and takes it back to Will upstairs.

Will is now wrapped up in Hannibal’s comforter, and Hannibal has to resist the urge to climb under the blanket with him.

“Here,” He says, placing the phone on the bedside table, “You only need to press the speed dial button next to the zero and then press the one and it will dial my cell phone number.”

“Yes, I remember, you showed me while we ate breakfast.”

Hannibal nods, “Try to relax Will, I’ll only be gone for a few hours, I only have three appointments today, but they are all important ones that I cannot reschedule again. And please, if you get hungry or thirsty go downstairs and get something.”

“I’ll try, being here--in your room and in your bed is helping, and I will, I promise.”

“I’ll see you soon, mylimasis.”

--

When Hannibal returns home a few hours later, he listens carefully upon entering the front door, he can’t hear Will moving around, but he can hear his steady breathing--is he asleep in Hannibal’s bed?

He first heads to the kitchen to pull out some steaks to begin defrosting for dinner, they come from a rude dental hygienist, who Hannibal finds to be quite tasty as he’s cooked parts of him every night for three days now--he’ll need to go hunting soon if he doesn’t want to run out of meat, he has a few roasts in the freezer in the basement and another package of steaks in the freezer in the kitchen, three packages of smaller cuts of meat and a handful of sausages left.

He may have to do the butchering somewhere other than his basement this time though until he tells Will his secret it may be too risky to bring a *pig* home. He has a few places he could go, but that is a problem for another night.

Hannibal goes up the stairs, pausing outside his bedroom, he can hear clearly now that Will is asleep, what causes him to pause though is the scent. He can *smell* Will, his omega scent but something else as well, something he was not expecting at all.

Will smells of lilacs and lemon balm, the way the scents mix reminds him so much of Mischa. Slightly overpowering those scents though is the lingering scent of arousal and cum and slick--did Will masturbate in Hannibal’s bed? He must’ve if what Hannibal is smelling is correct.

He turns the doorknob and pushes the door open slowly, not wanting to startle Will. With the door open the scent is stronger, and Hannibal's body reacts without his consent. His heart rate increases, his cock becomes half-hard, light sweat breaks out on his brow, pupils dilate, and just from the burning sensation he can tell they're at least partially red in color. He almost feels as if he is about to go into rut, but not quite. His natural bi-annual rut isn't for another three months, the only thing that can trigger it early is an omega's heat, but only in bonded pairs--he and Will are not bonded *yet* and Will is still flushing extended-release suppressants from his system, his heat won't come for at least another two to three months.

He steps into the room and once he's within arm’s length of the bed, Will's eyes snap open and arms dart out grabbing at Hannibal. His fingers clutch at Hannibal's shirt, pulling him closer.

"Will." Hannibal's voice is soft and Will appears to still be asleep despite his eyes being open.

Will leans into him, face pressed into Hannibal's hip, breathing in deeply.

Hannibal tries not to shudder at the sensation, he places his hand on Will's shoulder and shakes him gently, trying to wake him.

Will blinks up at him, "H-Hannibal? What's going on?"

"Will, are you feeling okay?" Hannibal tries to ignore his own body and stay calm--something is definitely wrong and he intends to find out what it is.

"I'm very warm." Will's fingers are still clutching Hannibal's shirt, not letting him move away. With his face still so close to Hannibal's crotch, if he notices that Hannibal is hard and pressing against the fly of his slacks, he doesn't mention it.

Hannibal sniffs, he can smell it now, a warm sweetness to Will's scent that would only present itself if Will has a fever--one of the most common symptoms of preheat.

"Are you experiencing any other symptoms?"

"Oh God, I'm so sorry." Will's tone is laced with fear.

"What are you sorry for?"

"I was trying to be good, trying to stay calm and wait for you. But as I laid here wrapped up in your scent.. I um started to *leak* ."

"You became sexually aroused?"

Will nods, face flushed--from the fever or embarrassment, Hannibal can't say which. "I got slick all over your bed."

"It's alright, mylimasis."

"Hannibal, no, it's not alright. We are not bonded yet."

"I know, Will, I know. Now tell me, what else are you feeling?"

"I feel like I'm going into heat like I'm in preheat right now. But that can't be, I was on those medications, my heat shouldn't come for a few more months even now that you've stopped them." Will becomes more frantic as he speaks, but still clutches onto Hannibal and holds him close.

"Shh, it's quite alright. Scent me, Will, and calm yourself." He holds his wrist out to Will, it won't be quite as good as if it were the gland on his neck, but it should be more than enough to calm him. Perhaps he may even pick-up on the impending rut scent.

Will takes Hannibal's wrist into his hand, presses his nose to the soft, warm flesh and inhales. Will whines low in his throat at the scent. "Are you going into a rut?" He whispers.

"It feels that way, yes."

"When is it supposed to happen?"

"In three months."

"How is it happening now?"

"In a bonded pair an omega's heat can trigger an early rut for an alpha."

"We're *not* bonded."

"It appears our biology thinks otherwise."

"How could our biology think we're bonded?"

"Perhaps you being *other* is somehow affecting it?"

"Have you heard of a chimera?" Will rubs the side of his face against Hannibal's wrist, leaving traces of his scent all over his skin.

"Chimera? An amalgamation of many creatures, yes?"

"Mmhm." Will is purring, faintly as he rubs himself against Hannibal's wrist. Omega's primarily use their purr to entice and calm their alpha--purring also naturally occurs when the omega is exceptionally happy and content and often when they are sexually aroused, inside and out of heat.

Hannibal needs to leave the room, do some research, and find out what exactly is going on, but he can smell fresh slick and Will's arousal is thick in the air. "Will, I need you to let go of me now."

Will whines, "No."

"I need to find out if you being a chimera has brought on a bond without us knowing."

"I don't want to be alone. Please, alpha." Will whines and purrs and Hannibal is stronger than this, he can resist this, but the way Will sounds is making him weak.

"William, please. I won't be gone long and you are only in preheat now, I should go while we still have time." He pulls his arm away from Will who's claws pop out and dig into Hannibal's flesh, blood wells up where they puncture his skin. "Will, stop." Hannibal uses his alpha voice to command Will, he said he wouldn't but he does not want to hurt Will and if he continues to claw at Hannibal's arm, he will have no choice but to defend himself.

Will's claws do not go away, but he does release Hannibal's arm, blood oozes from the wounds, they're not very deep as only the tips of Will's claws penetrated his skin. "Shit, I'm sorry." He's baring his fangs--whether he means to or not is to be determined. He sounds genuinely upset though.

"It's alright, you're in preheat and felt threatened, I understand. But you have to understand that I need to leave the room and try to determine why or how this is happening and I need to make our dinner, we still have to eat. I will come back to you, mylimasis."

"What does that mean? You keep calling me that, what language is it?" Will ducks his head and stares as his hands, Hannibal's blood is smeared on his fingertips--no longer claws.

"It's Lithuanian and means beloved, I hadn't realized I've been calling you by that. I can stop if it bothers you."

"No, it doesn't, alpha, I like it, please don't stop." Will is trying to manipulate Hannibal into staying by calling him alpha--is he doing it on purpose or is his subconscious doing it without his knowledge?

"You stay here and I will be back soon, I promise. Wrap yourself up in my scent and wait for me." Hannibal slips out of the room before Will can stop him.

He first goes to the downstairs bathroom, to clean his arm and bandage the wounds. He closes the door momentarily and readjusts his still half-hard cock inside his pants--he wants to jerk off, wants a modicum of relief, but knows that Will would smell it and that may exacerbate the situation. Not only that but during rut the only way he will find true relief is through knotting or simply riding it out as he usually does--writhing against the sheets painfully aroused for two to seven days. He had considered purchasing a sex toy specifically for an unbonded alpha in rut to knot but decided against it--not wanting to rely on some silicone sleeve to get him through a rut.

Hannibal then goes to the kitchen to check on how much the steaks have defrosted in the last half hour, they're thawing nicely, Hannibal had planned on pan-frying them, but now thinks broiling them in the oven will be the better option with their limited time until true heat and rut begin. He leaves the meat to finish thawing and goes to his study.

He turns his laptop on and brings up a few medical sites, searching for any results on chimera. His findings are unsettling--there is much conflicting data. He'll have to examine and study Will himself to see what powers he truly possesses. Hannibal feels slightly angry that the doctor he'd taken Will to hadn't realized that Will isn't entirely human--he already planned on paying the doctor a visit and making Will a wonderful meal out of him but now his visit may have to happen sooner than he planned.

Next, he begins searching for any instances of alpha, omega pairs bonding outside of heat and bonding bites without their knowledge. What he finds is nothing--no instances ever recorded. He tries instead looking for cases of humans and other creatures bonding, what he

finds are a few accounts of human omegas bonding with werewolf alpha's, another dead-end it seems.

At the last minute he changes his search to, 'Chimera bonding process' and finally he's finding the information he seeks, while the information is just as conflicting as the information on the species itself, it does offer a bit more insight. It says there are no known instances of chimera's bonding with humans. He clicks article after article until he finds something that seems concrete--a chimera can and will bond outside of a heat, without a bonding bite if their biology is highly compatible with their partner, the bond is different though, and it can trigger a heat or rut even if the chimera is on suppressants.

The bond is pheromone-based and does not cause bonding hormones to manifest in alpha or omega until a traditional bonding occurs. Hannibal concurs it's like a false bond, maybe false isn't the correct term, the bond is genuine but incomplete. Hannibal's head is starting to hurt from all the conflicting information and the haze of his impending rut is not helping him to understand anything any more clearly.

He goes back to the kitchen and turns the oven on to preheat, by now the meat is thawed perfectly, Hannibal expertly seasons it--nothing too overpowering in the spice mixture, he doesn't want to overwhelm Will's senses--and places it into the pan, the oven beeps to indicate it is done preheating. He puts the pan into the oven to let it cook for a few minutes before turning the broiler on. The inside will be tender and cooked to perfection and the outside will have a nice crisp. He considers making a side dish, something quick and simple--but decides against it as they need the protein above all else, and he can hear Will whining upstairs, he needs to get back up to him quickly.

A quick check of the internal temperature of the meat and then he's putting it on two plates and then a serving tray. He doesn't like to drink bottled water often but has them for when his rut does hit for convenience sake, he grabs a few bottles, places them onto the tray, gets two forks and steak knives out and puts them next to the plates and picks the tray up. He would've preferred to bring Will downstairs to eat, but fears moving him from the makeshift nest he's made of Hannibal's bed would be a mistake.

As he gets closer to his bedroom the smell of Will is overpowering, Hannibal's mouth begins to water, and his eyes start to burn again--no doubt turning red. He balances the tray with one hand and opens the door with the other, the smell of slick almost causes him to drop the tray.

"Will?" He closes the door behind him and sets the tray on the bedside table.

Will whimpers, hidden beneath the blankets.

"Will, you need to come out and eat, mylimasis."

Will whimpers again, Hannibal pulls the blankets off slowly, he exposes the top of Will's head first, "There you are, come out and eat with me, I'll tell you all that I've discovered while I was gone."

"It's starting to hurt." Will's voice is strained.

"Come here." Hannibal sits on the bed next to him and pulls Will into his arms, immediately Will's nose is pressed into Hannibal's neck. "You need to eat, your body is going to burn through a lot of energy over the next few days."

"Don't think I can move."

"Would you like me to hold you while you eat? Feed you?"

"You would do that?"

"There are not many things that I wouldn't do for you, Will." Hannibal would kill for Will if he asked.

Will nuzzles into Hannibal's neck, "Are we somehow bonded? Is that why this feels so easy? Why this is even happening at all?"

Hannibal moves so his back is against the headboard and moves Will so that he is halfway between being in between Hannibal's outstretched legs and in his lap, he takes one of the plates off the tray and sets it on the bed next to him, the sensible part of his brain is yelling at him to get the food off the bed before he stains the sheets, the rut clouded part is telling him to take care of his mate. Will ignored the food, focusing only on scenting Hannibal. He picks up one of the forks and steak knives and with his arms wrapped around Will somehow manages to cut the steak into bite-size pieces, he places the knife back onto the tray, skewers a piece with the fork and brings it to Will's lips--which are nearly pressed against Hannibal's neck. "Open your mouth and eat." The way he says it almost seems like an alpha command but he does not use his voice, yet Will turns his entire body towards Hannibal--he could look into Will's eyes if he leaned his head back enough--opens his mouth and takes the food from the fork as if it was.

Hannibal feeds Will the entire steak that way, bringing bites up to his mouth, listening to the soft, 'mmm's he makes every now and again. The sound of the meat being torn apart between Will's teeth is nearly erotic--the impending rut had caused Hannibal to be half-hard in his pants, the sounds coming from Will causes his cock to throb with need. The steak is tender and juicy just like Hannibal knew it would be--small drops of saliva and the juices from the steak dribble from the corners of Will's mouth and it takes all of Hannibal's self-control to not swipe the liquid from Will's mouth with his thumb and bring it into his own mouth to taste. He realizes he was too focused on feeding Will that he hasn't spoken a word about what he'd found when researching.

Once the plate is empty Hannibal takes the second one, repeats the cutting-up process, takes a few bites for himself, and then feeds the rest of it to Will, simply so he can listen to him eat. Hannibal has never paid such close attention to the sounds someone makes while eating something he's cooked for them. With Will, he doesn't think he'll ever be able to eat a meal with him again without listening so intently.

Will sighs contentedly, "I'm so full." Will nuzzles his cheek against Hannibal's chest. Both empty plates are back onto the serving tray, Hannibal's belly feels entirely empty but he's not *hungry* for food any longer.

"Does it still hurt, mylimasis?"

Will nods against Hannibal, "A bit, I think you holding me is helping."

"I'm happy to do it."

"You said you'd tell me what you found out?"

"Yes, of course. A lot of conflicting data about chimera, mostly. We can discuss the specifics later, the most pressing matter is the sudden presentation of your heat and my rut. It seems that when a chimera has exceptionally compatible biology with their mate they will form a pheromone-based bond that can trigger an early heat even when on suppressants. It does so in hopes that the pair will fully bond during the heat. There are no bonding hormones until traditional bonding occurs,"

"So it's false?" Will interrupts.

Being interrupted when speaking is something Hannibal finds extremely rude, but with Will, the anger he would've normally felt doesn't even register in his mind, "I had the same thought, but no it is not a false bond, it is simply an incomplete one."

"Incomplete. Do we have to complete it, Hannibal?"

"Would you like that, mylimasis?"

Will purrs, "I never thought I'd get to choose."

"You will always have a choice with me."

Will bites at his lower lip, fangs puncturing the soft flesh, "You really won't force me if I say no?"

"I promise you, Will, I will not force you." Unless absolutely necessary--he doesn't speak that bit out loud though.

Will smiles and leans into Hannibal's neck, scenting him again, "I want you, Hannibal, I want us to be bonded."

"During this heat, or would you still like to wait? We can still spend your heat and subsequently my rut together if you'd like, we can keep our fangs to ourselves." When Hannibal had first thought of purchasing the unruly omega he'd heard about from Mason, he had every intention of using his voice and medication to force the omega into a heat and bond with them whether they agreed or not. He was ready to deal with the consequences afterward. But then he'd seen the way Mason treated the omega, had heard about the omega's childhood--which he has every intention of finding out more about, even if he has to get creative with psychiatric techniques--and finally began to know Will and everything changed. Hannibal was still willing as a last resort to use any means necessary to bond with Will if his prime was on the brink of being over--less than a year remaining and Hannibal would've forced Will. But in getting to know him, and learning about his violent tendencies and sweetness, Hannibal *knew* that Will's would not--could not refuse him.

"Now, I want to *know* all of you, Hannibal."

Ah yes, that was the one thing Hannibal worried about in bonding--they wouldn't be able to read each other's minds or know all of their thoughts, but they would know if the other was lying--someone like Hannibal who was a surgeon and has enhanced hearing could already discern if someone was lying by listening to their heart rate as they spoke. Additionally after bonding the bonding hormones would facilitate an emotional connection--some would say it caused a shared sense of empathy, others would say you were merely well attuned to your mate's feelings--he wonders if Will being chimera will make that stronger to the point of physically feeling each other's emotions or sensations. Hannibal worries that after bonding Will will be able to tell by Hannibal's emotions and lies that he is killer--a predator--a cannibal.

Hannibal is not worried that Will won't be okay with what he is, he's more so worried about what it will bring out in Will. His own killer instincts. He wants Will to hunt with him, but he's unsure if bringing out those instincts too soon will have the opposite effect of what he wants. Either it will scare him to the point of permanent docility or will push him over the edge and he won't stop attacking whoever is near. Hannibal wants a happy medium, just enough natural omega submission and a thirst for blood when necessary.

"As I wish to know all of you dear, Will." His fingers slip under the bottom of his sweater that Will is still wearing, under the soft cotton of the shirt underneath until his fingertips are touching the soft, warm flesh of Will's belly. "I've never gone through a rut with an omega before, nor have I ever been around an omega in heat. I've read enough medical texts to know the basics, but I want to know exactly what you experience and how you find relief."

Will whines, "I don't *know how* not really." He presses himself tighter against Hannibal. "It always hurts so much and everything is slick and swollen and feels *raw* . Shortly before I was separated from everyone else, I um, there was this other omega, Molly, she was so sweet, she *tried* to help me once when the pain was so bad that I couldn't stop crying and whining for an alpha. She touched me, made me uh, made me come--I don't know what she did exactly but it felt really good and the pain stopped for a little while. When Mason found out he was furious that she had touched me--said that she was going to *spoil* me. Mason didn't want us touching ourselves or the others, I watched him order Cordell and others to spray omegas with water hoses if they were touching themselves--in heat and outside of it. I don't know what happened to Molly after that, I never saw her again and less than a year later is when I attacked Mason and got separated completely." Will's hands are pressed against Hannibal's thighs as he speaks, almost as if he's holding him down. "Like I said I don't know what she did to me then, but I figured some of it out on my own. How to touch my cock and have it feel good, and how to put my fingers inside myself and sort of mimic a knot--it's not the same I'm sure but it helps with the aching down there at least for a while."

"Have you touched yourself often, mylimasis?"

"For a while, I did, all the time just because it made Mason angry. It lost some of the appeal after he started injecting me and shoving pills down my throat.. I don't know if the suppressants caused it to not feel right or what but after that I only touched myself during my heat and I was always so careful that the cameras couldn't see me." It didn't feel right, lost its appeal--was Mason using Medroxyprogesterone Acetate on Will? Was he chemically castrating his *stock* ?

Hannibal already knows the answer, he could smell it earlier, but he asks anyway--he wants to hear Will say it, "When was the last time you touched yourself?"

"While you were gone today." He whispers into Hannibal's neck.

"Did it feel good?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, Will, tell me what you did while I was gone."

Will whimpers and Hannibal can feel the warmth of his skin--his fever is spiking again and maybe he's embarrassed. "Your scent was everywhere, and I was in your bed with your sweater on and I tried to ignore it, but my stomach felt all fluttery and it was so warm. I could smell your cum, I know you said you'd air the room out before I was allowed in, but I could smell it *in* the mattress. I couldn't help myself, I shoved my nose into it, and then the slick started, just a little a first--a drip from my cock, and a faint wet sensation between my asscheeks, but when it started to *gush* out of me, I couldn't ignore it any longer."

"Tell me, tell me everything." Hannibal's cock throbs in his slacks pressed tightly against Will's lower back and the top of his ass, his eyes are burning again, and he wants to rip Will's clothes off and taste all of him.

"I took off all my clothes except my shirt and your sweater, I turned back onto my belly and pressed my nose into your bed again, breathing in deeply--I swear I could taste you, Hannibal." Will shifts his hips causing Hannibal to bite his tongue to remain quiet--he wants to hear the rest of Will's story. "I slid two of my fingers into my dripping pussy, imagining they were yours--your hands are so much bigger than mine though, I don't know if I could take two right away." He whines, low in his throat, takes Hannibal's hand that isn't under his shirt and places it on his thigh underneath the blanket, the implications are clear, but Hannibal doesn't move it yet. "I got slick all over your sheets, can you smell it?"

Hannibal growls affirmatively.

"I fucked myself with my fingers and rubbed my cock all over your bed. Fuck, Hannibal, it felt so good." Will's shifting again like he's trying to get Hannibal to touch him. The scent of their mixed arousal and Will's slick is bringing Hannibal's rut on faster than he could've even anticipated. "Will you touch me? Please." Will whines, dragging out his words.

He covers Will's crotch with his hand, he can feel how hard he is, and how wet and hot he is, he applies light pressure against his cock with his palm making Will moan.

"Ah, fuck. I-I-I humped your bed til slick and cum came out of my cock, smeared it all over your sheets and there's some on your sweater too. I put three fingers inside myself until I came again. It wasn't enough though." Hannibal's hand slips under the waistband of Will's pants and dips into his boxers-briefs, thumbs at the wet head of his cock before sliding his fingers lower, touching the wetness between his thighs. He resists the urge to put his fingers inside--not yet--and instead swipes his fingertips though the sweet slick, rubbing light against Will's lips, he wishes he was using his tongue--he wants to taste just how sweet Will is. He's never tasted an omega's slick before, but his mouth waters at the thought of tasting Will. "Please." Will whimpers, "Please put your fingers inside me. I want them, wanna feel you."

He slides his hand up Will's stomach until he's touching his chest, fingertips stroking across his nipples while simultaneously pushing his middle finger into the tight, wet heat of Will. Hannibal thrusts his finger in and out, slowly--relishing the smooth texture of his inner walls.

Will's moaning and whining, wiggling around, clenching around Hannibal's finger. "More, please."

"Help me get your pants down."

The words barely leave his mouth before Will is lifting his hips and shoving his pants and underwear down--they get stuck around his knees. His cock springs free, up towards his belly. Will spreads his legs, hooking them over top of Hannibal's, allowing Hannibal more room to slide his index finger in alongside the other. The noise Will makes almost sounds like an 'ow', and Hannibal immediately stills, not wanting to hurt him. Will pushes himself down onto Hannibal's fingers, "Don't stop." Will's fingers wrap around his cock, stroking himself and grinding down onto Hannibal's fingers. "'M gonna come." Will turns his head towards Hannibal again, pushing his face back into his neck, scenting him as he fucks himself on Hannibal's fingers. Will whines, high pitched into his neck, nose pressed tightly against his scent gland, and teeth scraping against Hannibal's skin. He becomes impossibly tight around Hannibal's fingers before fresh slick and cum coat his fingers. He continues pumping his fingers in and out as Will stokes himself, whimpering and whining, cum and slick spurts from his cock, his entire body shudders, and his fangs pierce the skin around Hannibal's scent gland.

Hannibal has never once come untouched, maybe it's his rut, maybe it's their incomplete bond, maybe it's Will's fangs in his neck, maybe it's a lot of things. His knot swells at the base of his dick, but without Hannibal being inside of someone--an omega is the ideal partner

being that their body is specifically able to take in a knot--he's only ever knotted once with a beta, it didn't last long when the beta starting crying that it hurt--it stays there at the base and doesn't extend further. Hannibal comes so hard in his pants that his vision goes fuzzy for a few seconds.

Will's teeth leave Hannibal's neck, "Holy shit, did you just come?"

Hannibal's breathing is labored and harsh, "Taip, mylimasis, sunkiau nei aš kada nors turėjau." Hannibal's fingers rest on Will's thigh, other hand slides down onto Will's belly fingertips pressing at the soft flesh.

A few minutes pass, "You've been speaking in what I think is Lithuanian, Hannibal, what're you saying?" The tone of Will's voice seems as if he's said the same thing more than once.

Hannibal hadn't realized he'd slipped into his mother tongue, "I apologize, Will, I'm certain that must've been perplexing."

"Perplexing? I thought I broke you."

They both laugh, "I can assure you that you have not broken me. Occasionally stress or pleasure or something else entirely will cause me to slip into one of my other languages."

"I'm glad you aren't broken. How many languages do you know? And I'm sorry I bit you."

"Four, though I know a fair bit of a few others, perhaps after your heat I can tell you about them, maybe teach you a bit. Please, never apologize for following your instincts. They told you to bite me, to claim me and you listened and just look at what the result was."

"You came 'cause I bit you?"

"I believe it was that amongst other factors."

"It wasn't a bonding bite though, I bit around your scent gland, not into it and you weren't inside me, knotting me."

"Was that your intention?"

"I think so, yes. I wanted to bond with you at that moment, I still do."

"And we will, mylimasis. There's more to traditional bonding than just biting and knotting though." Hannibal rubs Will's naked thigh with his palm. "How are you feeling now?"

"I don't think I have a fever right now, and the cramping isn't so bad, everything aches a little, though. And uh my hole hurts a bit."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you."

"No, no, don't feel bad. I wanted it, I knew your fingers were bigger than mine, even when I mimic a knot."

"Even so, it was not my intention to cause you any pain."

"If you're that upset by causing me a little discomfort from putting your fingers inside me, how are you going to react if I bleed when you put your cock inside me?"

"You expect to bleed, for it to hurt?"

"Um, yes." He says uncertainly yet the way he sounds seems like he expects Hannibal to *know* this bit of information.

"Mylimasis, why would you think that?"

"I heard some of the older omega's talking about what happens when you're taken for the first time--you know that not all of them were there since childhood, some of them were sold to Molson and then Mason as young adults, even a *spoiled* omega is worth money."

"And what did they say would happen?"

"It scared the hell out of me, but I'm ready for it now. I trust you, Hannibal, I know you'll make me come too."

"I will always make sure you are satisfied, but that's not what I asked."

"They said that the alpha would hold the omega down and not let them up until they were done."

"What else? Being held down does not equate pain and blood."

"The omega is expected to present themselves, and if they don't the alpha forces them with their voice. When they're taken the alpha is rough and takes what they want even if the omega doesn't want it. They said often-times because an alpha's cock is so large they will *tear* the omega during, causing bleeding." Will's hiding his face in Hannibal's neck as he speaks.

"No, Will, that's not at all how it should happen. Traditionally an omega will present for the alpha, but never should an alpha force them to do so. As for tearing during intercourse, with proper preparation and a happy, relaxed omega any tearing should be very minimal to none at all, there can be some very light bleeding from it the first time but nothing very noticeable. Sex should never be painful, and if anything I do hurts you, I expect you to tell me." Hannibal can't help but be angry that Will would expect to be hurt.

"Even if you hurt me, I know you'd take care of me after."

"I will always take care of you, but please do not expect me to hurt you, especially not during sex."

Will licks at the bite mark on Hannibal's neck, "I want you to take me now."

"In time, mylimasis. Once your heat truly hits."

"I want to be completely coherent though, please."

"Do you experience a particularly intense heat haze?"

"Not always, but since the suppressants, it's been a lot more cloudy and hard to navigate through."

"I will help you navigate your way through the haze."

"You'll be in a rut though."

"I've gone through enough ruts in my lifetime to know how to deal with the mild confusion. It will be okay, my love."

"Love? Do you love me, Hannibal?"

"Very much so, mylimasis."

"I love you too, Hannibal. Now, please take me before it starts to get hazy and hurt again." Will kicks his pants and underwear all the way off to become tangled in the blanket, leans

forward in Hannibal's arms until he is on his knees, chest pressed against the bed, back bowed perfectly, and his ass up in the air--presenting for his alpha. He whines then purrs trying to entice Hannibal as if the presentation isn't enough. Slick glistens on his asshole, slick and cum coat his pussy lips--it makes Hannibal's mouth water.

Hannibal growls and surges forward, licking at Will's asshole first, the tight puckered skin feels foreign under Hannibal's tongue, the flavor of his slick is unlike anything Hannibal has ever tasted. It's sweet and sugary, Hannibal can taste Will's lilac and lemon balm omega scent in it, but there's also a spice to it--something like cloves--Hannibal suspects that comes from him being a chimera.

"Ooh, oh, Hannibal."

His tongue slides into Will's tightly clenched hole, slick gushes from Will, all over Hannibal's face. His fingers trail underneath Will to stroke against his cock, fingertips gliding along the dripping slit.

"Please, please, please." Will's whining into the mattress--urging Hannibal on.

He licks broadly across his hole and down to the soft folds of his pussy, the tip of his tongue dips inside him. Will pushes back towards him, forcing his entire tongue inside. As he eats Will out his rut hits, the rut haze washes over him fully but he still feels quite clear, his cock throbs--still inside his pants--his knot aches and the urge to bite and claim is intense.

Will's hole clenches around Hannibal's tongue as he pushes himself back and forth, trying to fuck himself on Hannibal's tongue, "More, more please."

Hannibal slides one of his fingers inside Will's clenching pussy alongside his tongue. Will's scent intensifies, his entire body goes hot--he's fully in heat, Hannibal knows it.

"Noo, I wanted to be clear." Will sobs.

Hannibal slides a second finger in, as he moves his tongue back up to Will's asshole. Biologically and medically speaking an omega's body can somewhat stretch itself out during heat in preparation to be penetrated, but being that Will is a virgin and has heard some horror stories equating to him being afraid whether he admits it or not, Hannibal is careful. He slowly separates his fingers inside of Will, stretching him open, strokes his cock with the other hand and licks the slick out of Will's hole as a distraction from any discomfort he may feel.

"Now, take me now." Will whimpers. "Please, Hannibal."

He's still fully dressed and his rut is growing impatient at the scent of an in-heat omega. He moves his face away from Will, "I need to undress, mylimasis, can you put your fingers inside yourself for me? Can you get yourself ready for me?"

Will doesn't speak but tries to shove his own fingers into himself with Hannibal's still there.

"Slowly, Will, don't hurt yourself." Hannibal removes his fingers and guides Will's inside, he circles the tip of Will's dripping cock with his thumb before releasing him completely. He climbs off the bed around Will and quickly gets his clothes off. He tosses them towards the bathroom door near to where the hamper is--they don't quite make it but Hannibal can't be bothered.

Will peers up at him from his position on the bed, he purrs, and his eyes are glowing deep gold but there is still a hint of his natural vibrant blue-green color there too--another chimera trait? He reaches out towards Hannibal, runs his fingers through Hannibal's chest hair, "Soft." Will's voice is so quiet and sweet and his mouth barely opens as he speaks to the point where Hannibal isn't even sure he says it out loud.

"Come here." Hannibal pulls will up to him, out of his presentation, chest to chest, and kisses Will--their first kiss and that fact is a bit off-putting, Hannibal has made Will orgasm and had his tongue inside of Will, but he hasn't kissed him yet--it's softer than Hannibal had meant it to be, slowly licking into Will's mouth, running his tongue over his teeth, feeling the sharp points of his fangs, the soft flesh on the insides of his cheeks, tracing the ridges of his hard palate and pressing their tongues together.

One hand is still on Hannibal's chest slightly pulling at his chest hair, the other loops around his neck to rest on his shoulders and Hannibal can feel cooling, tacky slick against his skin on Will's fingers. He's purring into the kiss and it causes Hannibal to growl, a deep rumbling low in his chest.

"Alpha, please."

Hannibal carefully lays Will down onto the bed--his arms slipping away from Hannibal onto the bed--tradition be damned, he wants to see Will when he takes him. He climbs onto the bed, in-between Will's spread legs. His legs wrap around Hannibal's waist pulling him down until their chests are touching and his cock is pressed against Hannibal's lower belly--leaving smears of warm, thick, sticky slick, remnants of cum and fresh precum all over. He kisses Will, "Mylimasis, are you ready for me?"

Will whines, "Yes, now, please, hurts." His speech is staccato--is the heat haze the cause?

Hannibal slides a pillow beneath Will's hips, kneels between his legs, drapes Will's legs over his thighs and presses his cock head to Will's slick entrance, he doesn't push inside immediately, he rubs his cock against the soft outer lips, gathering slick on himself. Maybe he's subconsciously trying to make himself smell like Will--a form a scent marking.

"Please, Hannibal, alpha, please."

He pushes in slowly--Will is incredibly tight despite being in heat--Hannibal focuses on Will's face, watching carefully for any signs of pain. He intends to make Will's first time be good and nothing like the stories he'd heard. Will's eyes widen and seem to glow even brighter as Hannibal pushes in further, and he starts purring even louder than before.

Will's feet dig into Hannibal's back, trying to push him in further, "I've got you, mylimasis."

Once fully inside of Will, he pauses, allowing Will a moment to figure out exactly what he's feeling, and to allow his body to adjust to what is happening--Will is a virgin, has never been taken inside or out of a heat--his biology *knows* what is happening and how to handle it, but **Will** doesn't.

Hannibal's rut is in full swing but he's still somehow so calm--not acting animalistic the way an alpha does during a rut--he's always been in control but something seems different this

time. Maybe because of the incomplete bond, or maybe Hannibal is simply pushing the rut haze down so that he doesn't hurt Will.

Will shifts his hips, the movement is very small, but Hannibal feels it clearly. He pulls out only slightly and pushes back inside, Will whines. "Ah, Hannibal."

Hannibal sees no pain, no tears, just a pretty pink flush on Will's skin, and a blissful expression on his face, eyes both focused and unfocused on Hannibal's face. He pulls out again, further this time until just the glans is still inside. The inward thrust is faster this time, Hannibal's hips snapping forward and back quicker, each thrust deeper.

He's moaning and purring and becoming impossibly slick and tight around Hannibal's cock. Will's cock is practically oozing slick and precum, he's getting close already, he's going to climax and Hannibal will be pushed over the edge--he can already feel it building hot in his belly.

A half a dozen more thrusts and Will is coming, cock spurting between them. Hannibal's knot is starting to swell again, and this time he is inside of an omega--inside of Will--he will knot him.

They will bite each other and complete their bond, and Hannibal will no longer have to worry about his prime ending, but there is more to this now--this isn't some biology driven need to further his bloodline or simply part of his rut--he loves Will and Will is *his* and no one is going to come between them again. Hannibal will kill anyone who tries.

Will clenches around Hannibal, slick and cum coating Hannibal's cock. He thrusts once, twice more and his knot begins to swell inside of Will. Hannibal can't imagine that the stretch of it will feel incredibly pleasant and so to distract Will, he leans down against him again, and presses their lips together, licking into his mouth, swallowing the sounds he's making.

Once his knot is full and locking them together, hot cum spills deep inside of Will. He breaks the kiss and finds the scent gland on the side of Will's neck and bites, breaking the skin. As warm blood flows into his mouth, Will moans and comes again. He releases Will's neck, "Bite me now, mylimasis."

His teeth fit into the same grooves in his neck from where Will had bitten him earlier then shift to bite into Hannibal's scent gland instead of around it, fangs break the skin and blood fills his mouth--Hannibal's knot throbs.

The feeling of the bond completing is unlike anything the medical texts describe it as. Hannibal's entire body goes hot, and he feels as if he's being wrapped tightly in a fleece blanket. He feels as if all of his nerves are being stimulated at once, every synapse going off at the same time, and suddenly it's as if he can hear Will speaking inside of his head.

"Fuck."

"I love you."

“You’re mine now.”

“I’m not letting you go.”

“Fuck.”

He knows that Will isn’t speaking out loud, his teeth are still buried in Hannibal’s neck--how can he hear Will’s thoughts? Are they his thoughts? What he’d be saying out loud if his mouth was not otherwise occupied? Telepathic communication is not part of bonding--perhaps it is for chimera? Can Will hear his thoughts as well? That could be problematic. Will it be a constant or intermittent?

Will's teeth leave his neck, everything goes silent save their breathing, and blood trickles down Hannibal's skin, "I'm sorry."

"What are you apologizing, for now, mylimasis?" Hannibal's nearly breathless as he speaks.

"You're bleeding." Will nuzzles at Hannibal's throat, licking at the small albeit steady stream of blood.

"As are you, Will. It's part of the bonding and I'm not complaining, it neither hurts nor is it a hindrance."

"Mmm, alpha, ‘m sorry." Will purrs and whines, his heat haze must be affecting him again.

Hannibal's knot has not subsided yet, he's been careful not to move for fear of his knot tugging and hurting Will. Will however is ready for more--he begins rocking his hips beneath Hannibal, pushing up against him.

"Patience, my love, I do not wish to hurt you."

"It, already, hurts." Each word is spoken at a staggered pace, punctuated by licks to Hannibal's skin, all the while continuing to rock his hips back and forth.

His knot is starting to deflate, allowing him a small range of motion, he shifts back--pulling out of Will only slightly--Will practically howls. The sound is loud and almost wolf-life. But it isn't pained, so he repeats the motion, sliding back in only a few centimeters then back out. Will's legs wrap around him again, their chests are still pressed together and Hannibal can feel each breath Will draws in. Their breathing is equally harsh but seems to be in sync--as if they are one being.

And that is how their second mating happens, chests together, breathing in sync, Will's tongue and lips and teeth on Hannibal's throat, and Hannibal's knot still tumescent inside of him, each thrust so small but felt through their entire bodies.

--

Will's heat ends after four days, Hannibal's rut had cleared after three--ruts are typically shorter than heats so the alpha has a period of clarity where they can focus all their attention on taking care of their omega.

As the days went on Will became more lucid but no less aroused, Hannibal's certain his mattress is *ruined* from all of Will's slick and their mutual release soaked into the sheets and blankets and deep into the mattress mixing with their sweat ensuring the *smell* will never leave. Hannibal plans to purchase a new one but there is something nagging in the back of his mind telling him that Will is going to fight against him getting rid of it. Perhaps he will have it moved to the guest room and let Will create a nest for them there. Then again Hannibal hopes they will have a healthy sex life and that could get expensive--many ruined mattresses--if Will is amenable he will move the current mattress into the guest room to create a nest for them and invest in some liquid-resistant bedding or at least a mattress cover.

Sleeping in a bed that reeks of their coupling has been unnerving for Hannibal--he doesn't dislike their combined scents, the opposite actually, Hannibal wakes up achingly hard every morning, eyes burning and he feels as if he's constantly on the edge of a rut.

During Will's heat, Hannibal could hear his thoughts a few different times, every time Will's teeth were buried in his flesh. Hannibal wanted to explore that more, but so far hasn't found the right time to bring it up with Will.

If he can hear any of Hannibal's thoughts he hasn't said anything--Hannibal isn't sure if he's upset by that fact or grateful.

Hannibal arrives home from work and immediately heads to the kitchen to start their dinner. Will hadn't greeted him at the door when he got home like he's done every day for nearly a week.

He goes looking for Will while dinner cooks, Hannibal hasn't made something so simple such as *spaghetti* in many years, but Will requested it shortly after his heat had ended and Hannibal was more than happy to oblige.

The runner he'd butchered the morning after Will's heat ended had been made into succulent meatballs. Marinara simmered in a pot on the stove and the meatballs are cooking nicely in the oven. He'll start the water for the pasta after he finds Will, whom he hasn't seen since he left for work--it has been a week since Will's heat and things have been *tense* .

He checks downstairs first, the living room, dining room, his study, and all of them are empty. He heads up the stairs, he cannot hear Will anywhere, he checks both guest rooms and they are empty, the bathroom is empty as well. He opens the door to the master bedroom, the bathroom door is open and the room is empty, the bed is neatly made and there are no signs of Will here either.

Has Will decided to leave? They're bonded now, they can be separated but the connection will always be there. Where the hell has Will gone? Did he find the basement? Are there police officers on their way to his home now?

He remains calm as he descends the stairs and goes to the pantry, the acidic scent of the tomato sauce and the rich scent of cooking meat assaults his senses, he ignores them and goes into the pantry. Nothing seems out of the ordinary, he opens the door and goes down the steps, again nothing seems out of place. He cannot scent Will down here, the bleach and slight viscera scent are the only ones present.

Hannibal goes back up the stairs, closes the hidden door, and weighs his options. Will isn't his prisoner and he'd never explicitly told him not to leave the house on his own. Maybe Will just wanted some air and went for a walk, perhaps he got himself lost on the way back.

A sudden sound from his backyard startles him, his yard is private and fenced in and the gate securely locked--no one could've gotten in without breaking it.

He pulls the door open and steps into the shaded yard, "Will?"

"Hannibal, I didn't know it was so late." Will is laying in the grass, face up to the sky, watching the clouds pass.

"What are you doing out here?"

"I wanted to feel the sun on my skin."

"Has it been nice, mylimasis?"

"Yes, though a bit lonely."

"Are you often lonely, Will?"

He hesitates, "Always, when you leave."

"Why haven't you said something?"

"What do you suppose I say, don't leave me alone, ignore your patients, take me with you?"

"I could ask a friend to spend time with you while I'm away."

"I don't need a babysitter. I need a friend."

"I could have a dinner party, introduce you to some people."

Will sits up, stray strands of grass fall from his hair, and stick to his shirt, he shakes his head, "I've been thinking when I was really small my dad got me a puppy, we couldn't keep him long because we had to move away but I miss Buster."

"Would you like me to get you a puppy, my love? You need only ask."

"Any one I want?"

"Any one, yes."

"I'll start looking into breeders after dinner."

"No, can we go to a shelter instead?"

"If that's what you'd like."

--

Two days later they go to the local shelter, Hannibal has never wanted a pet let alone a dog, but he'd never wanted an omega either. The puppies are loud and rambunctious, jumping all over them, getting dog hair on Hannibal's suit.

"Do you see one you like?"

"They're all so cute, Hannibal. I'm not sure I can choose."

They are not getting more than one. Hannibal had been clear with Will on that matter. He'd agreed that in the future they could discuss another but today there would only be one coming home with them.

"Can we see the older dogs too?"

Hannibal nods and helps Will to his feet--he'd sat on the floor to let the puppies climb on him.

They've barely even stepped into the room when Will freezes in place momentarily then quickly moves past all the kennels, he stops at the end, crouches down and looks inside, "Hello, buddy." Will puts his palm against the metal bars of the kennel, the dog licks at his hand.

"I want this one."

"I'll fetch the adoption woman." Hannibal doesn't *care* what breed the dog is, how old or young, doesn't care if it's male or female, if Will wants the dog then he will have the dog.

The dog in question is larger than Hannibal had anticipated but still on the smaller side. The paperwork states the dog is male and is nearing three years old. His coat is brindle and a bit shaggy.

"I'd like to name him Winston."

"Winston is a fine name, Will."

After filling out some paperwork and paying a modest fee--they insisted it was a donation--they stop in the in-shelter store to buy some dog food, a collar, leash, treats, a few toys, and a

plush bed for Winston. Last-minute Hannibal decides to purchase a kennel for him in case he's more comfortable there.

Hannibal was worried about dog hair in the backseat of the Bentley but realized there would soon be dog hair coating his entire life--he'd best get used to it.

"Hannibal, will you make him sleep in the yard?" Will is seated in the back with Winston, though Hannibal had tried to get him to sit in the front seat.

"We purchased a bed for him, it can go into one of the guest rooms and he can sleep there. Or we can place the kennel near to the backdoor and he may sleep in there."

"What if he wants to sleep with me?"

Hannibal sighs, "Will, we cannot have a dog in our bed."

"Then I'll just go sleep with him in the guest room."

"Mylimasis, please."

"I don't want him to be scared, Hannibal. The first night in a new place can be scary, especially when alone."

"I was scared the first night in your home, all alone in the guest room, I couldn't sleep."

Hannibal nearly swerves into the other lane when he hears Will's voice in his head without his teeth in Hannibal's flesh, knowing fully that Will is not speaking out loud. He quickly decides to test Will's reaction to Hannibal hearing what he'd said. "I apologize if you were scared the first night in our home, I heard you wandering the halls and should've come to you. If you think it will help, you may place Winston's bed in our room, but he is still not allowed into the actual bed."

"Thank you so much, Hannibal, he'll be such a good boy all night long, I prom--wait how did you know I was scared the first night?"

"We can discuss it when we get home, mylimasis, I've been meaning to bring it up for a few days now, but you thought it and I heard it--heard you *thinking* it."

"Oh shit, the telepathy manifested."

"You knew of this *ability* ?"

"Dad mentioned it once or twice when I was really small. I'm not sure the specifics of it nor did I ever think it would manifest, but if you're hearing my thoughts it must've."

Hannibal parks the car and helps Will bring Winston and all of his things into the house.

"Let him off the leash, he can explore, but if he soils anything you'll be cleaning it up."

"Of course." Will crouches down and removes the leash, "Be a good boy, and check out your new home while daddy and I talk."

Daddy? Did Will seriously just call him daddy, *to a dog* ?

Winston takes off down the hallway sniffing as he goes.

Will takes Hannibal's hand and leads him into the living room, they sit on the sofa next to each other, Hannibal's hand still in Will's.

"When did you start hearing my thoughts?"

"When your fangs were in my neck when we were bonding."

"Since then?"

"It was only when you were biting me until we were in the car."

"Hmm.. it seems physical connection *was* needed for it to work." Will pauses--seemingly thinking, "Was it a constant thing or only sometimes?"

"It seemed inconsistent, though I was a bit distracted at the time."

Will nods, "And in the car.. I wasn't biting you, I wasn't even touching you."

"Perhaps I can hear the things you'd like to say to me but do not because you are afraid to."

"I wasn't afraid to tell you that I was scared.. I was ashamed of being weak."

Hannibal brings their hands to his mouth, lips brushing across Will's knuckles, "You are not weak, my love. You are so very strong and I envy that strength."

Will's cheeks flush a light pink shade, "If you say so." He ducks his head, looking down at his feet before speaking again, "When you were doing research did you find much information on what my abilities are or well may be?"

"All the data was conflicting, one article said your kind possess fangs to drain their victims like vampires, another said that the fangs are more like a werewolf, none of the articles had the same information. It was quite frustrating."

"I'm not a vampire, Hannibal, though your blood does *taste* quite delicious," Will smirks, flashing his fangs. "I don't know all the details of myself, but I do know a few things that may present themselves at some point, I can't say which will happen and which won't but there are possibilities,"

Hannibal hates to interrupt, but Will is rambling and repeating himself, "Mylimasis, tell me what abilities you may possess?"

"Well based on how quickly I would burn through the sedatives Mason gave me I'd wager that I have some form of regeneration, and uh it seems I have increased stamina. You've seen the fangs and claws and the enhanced strength. My sense of smell and taste and hearing are all enhanced, typically chimera's have enhanced eyesight as well, but if I'm being honest I must've gotten my mother's eyes because everything is a bit blurry. Telepathy is more complex than just you hearing my thoughts, from what dad told me once the connection between chimera and mate they can share their thoughts, some can even have entire conversations telepathically. There's a possibility of vocal mimicry and dad once mentioned something about being able to cause hallucinations by touching them--I'm not really sure how that would work but it sounds very dangerous. Chimera age at the same rate humans do, but often live a lot longer. Dad used to tell me these stories about chimera being immortal but I never believed him, and him dying broke the tiny part of me that wanted to believe." Will looks up at Hannibal then quickly back down like he's embarrassed, "I should know more about myself--my species I mean. I'm sure there are other things that are possible, but I never *learned* because my d-d-dad died and then the Verger's.." Will sniffles and Hannibal can smell the salt of the tears that are starting to fall.

Hannibal wraps his arm around Will and pulls him to his chest, kissing the top of his head, breathing in his scent, "Shh, mylimasis, it's okay. It's okay that you don't know, we can learn it all together."

"I haven't cried like this in years.. the first year I was with the Verger's I cried every day, every night, I didn't stop. I was just a kid, but there I had to be strong if I wasn't strong Molson got angry--said he didn't like tears or weak people. Mason was worse in some ways, but I'd always choose Mason over Molson."

"What did Molson do to you, Will?"

Winston enters the room and presses his nose to Will's knee before laying at his feet.

"No, I can't."

"Will, you can talk to me, my love, it's okay. I won't judge you or hurt you for whatever happened--you were a child and you were scared."

Will turns so his nose is pressed to Hannibal's neck, "I'm still scared."

"You have nothing to be afraid of with me, mylimasis."

"I'd been there for maybe a week the first time he uh, came into my room--because I had a room for a while--and touched me. He said he was making sure I was healthy. I hadn't presented yet, there was nothing to check down there, but he did it anyway. At first, it was once or twice a month and then it became once a week and then every night." Will goes quiet, Hannibal can feel warm tears on his skin, soaking through his shirt, and hear Will breathing deeply, scenting him.

Hannibal doesn't speak, waiting for Will to continue, he kisses the top of Will's head again, soft curls against his lips--part of his wants to bite, not to harm Will but to see if he can *taste* Will's scent in his hair.

"Before the first year was up he started making me touch him too, he said that it was for me to understand what a man's body was like so that when the time came I would *know* what to do." Will sniffled and whimpered, "He stopped once I presented, said that he didn't want to *cheapen* me. Molson was an alpha and when I presented my body wanted him, not the presentation heat but the first one after that, I begged him to take me, to claim me, he refused and I thought that I'd done something wrong. Though that because I didn't have my dad there to teach me anything, I was broken--damaged or something." Will licks at Hannibal's neck, over the still healing bite mark. "When they started presenting me at the auctions and I wasn't bought I thought that somehow they knew what happened to me and that was why. So I used my chimera side to intimidate potential buyers. When Molson died and Mason took over things got worse. He never.. he was a sadistic bastard who got off on causing us pain. I don't remember you ever coming to an auction so I don't know if you know what happens there, but we were chained up and led out naked like animals and the highest bidder wins. Because of that Mason couldn't beat us--we couldn't *look* damaged--but the mental abuse was worse

than anything his father ever did to me. I think I was maybe sixteen when Mason started taunting me about my dad and calling me Beau--that's also when I attacked him and got separated from everyone else." Will goes silent for a long time, unmoving save for breathing and scenting Hannibal.

"You are safe here, Will. You will always be safe with me, I won't let Mason hurt you again."

"I wish I had killed him when I attacked him."

Does Will realize he's using his telepathic ability right now? "Will, do you want to kill Mason Verger?"

Will nods against Hannibal, "I want to rip his throat out with my teeth." His voice is so soft and calm.

"Mylimasis, would you like me to help you?"

"Murder someone?" Hannibal can hear surprise is Will's voice, but not as much as he would've expected.

"Do you trust me?"

"Completely."

"Then yes, I would like to help you murder Mason Verger."

"How are you so calm about this? I just told you I want to murder someone and you offer to help, why?"

"Please don't be frightened, Will, there is something I should tell you."

"Nothing you tell me is going to scare me."

"I hope not, my love." Hannibal inhales sharply, "Let's start at the beginning when I was fifteen my parents were murdered."

"Oh, Hannibal I'm so sorry."

"It's alright, mylimasis, but please don't interrupt."

"I'm sorry, you let me talk so I'll do the same." He sniffles and lays his head on Hannibal's chest, listening to his heartbeat and the timbre of his voice.

"When my parents were murdered it was difficult, but I had no time to grieve for them, I had a sister, Mischa, she was so young and I had to look after her, keep her safe from the men who murdered our parents. There were eight of them, I would've tried to kill them but I had to keep her safe, I couldn't let anything happen to her. They held us, hostage, in our own home for weeks. When we began running low on food one of the men killed another and they ate him." Hannibal pauses, he hasn't spoken of this in years. "Mischa and I tried to escape one night, but it was the middle of winter, the snow was thick and the grounds around our home were vast and confusing after weeks of malnutrition in combination with the cold. We were caught the same night we ran, they locked us up in the basement. I had already presented as alpha, I was strong but not enough. They knocked me out and while I was unconscious they took Mischa, I fought and tried to get them to tell me where they'd taken her, they assured me she was safe--I didn't believe them but there was nothing I could do, I couldn't break the chains so I waited and after a few days when they came to feed me I attacked the man, killed him with one hand still chained to the wall and then I used the knife he had to break the locking mechanism and get free. I killed six of the remaining seven, the leader is still locked in the same basement that held Mischa and I--he could be dead and his bones remain chained up or he may yet rot there, I haven't spoken to Chiyoh in many years so I do not know if she still guards him. I searched everywhere for her, I found pieces of bone in the kitchen, bits of blonde hair, teeth that were so *small* . They killed her, fed her to me. They killed my *baby* and made me eat her flesh."

He stops for a moment, rubs his cheek against Will's hair, a comforting motion, getting Will's scent on him and his onto Will.

"I killed again for the first time in college around the time my uncle Robert died. I never truly liked the man, but I was upset. I killed a rude student and ate his liver and kidneys. I killed again a few weeks later and then regularly to this day. Have you heard of The Chesapeake Ripper?"

"I didn't get to see the news often, but I remember Margot saying that she wished The Ripper would kill her brother. Are you telling me that you are The Ripper?" Will lifts his head to look into Hannibal's eyes.

"Does that frighten you now?"

"No, it makes me feel safer." Will smiles. "And I know you'll actually help me kill Mason."

"You do understand that I've continued eating them, yes?"

"Whatever or whoever you've been cooking for me has been delicious," Will smirks.

Hannibal had worried that Will would react negatively to the cannibalistic nature of their meals, he is incredibly grateful that isn't the case. He can't resist, he cups the back of Will's head, fingers tangling in his hair and captures his lips--its full of teeth and a feral sort of energy.

Before Hannibal knows what's happening Will is ripping his shirt and climbing on top of him, "I want you, Hannibal, please." He can smell slick. Hannibal moves to pick Will up and carry him to their bed, "No, here, now."

Hannibal grips at Will's hips and ass, "You ripped my shirt, don't you think you should be punished? Why would I reward you for bad behavior, mylimasis?"

Will grinds his hips down against him, "Because you want me too."

Neither notices as Winston wakes up from his spot on the floor and moves to the other side of the room before laying down and going back to sleep, seemingly giving his new daddies a modicum of privacy.

Hannibal pushes the ripped remains of his shirt off before pulling Will's over his head, he pulls Will upward and attaches his lips to Will's nipple, "Oh fuck." Will's hands are on his head, fingers in his hair, twisting and pulling. He bites and sucks at Will's nipple, he tries to move to the other but Will holds his head in place, "No, feels good, don't stop." Hannibal's fingers dig into Will's hips and he starts licking again.

Will's hips rock back and forth, grinding down onto Hannibal's hard cock, he can feel the warmth of Will's slick as it soaks through his underwear and pants. He pulls his head from Will's grip, only losing a small amount of his hair in the process, he pushes Will backward and down onto the sofa. He stands and strips his own pants and boxers-briefs before pulling Will's off as well. Hannibal climbs back onto the sofa, covering Will's body completely, kissing him and grinding their cocks together, causing Will to whine and buck his hips. His legs spread as far as the sofa allows, his left leg is pressed against the back of the sofa and Will hooks it around Hannibal's back, the other is nearly falling onto the floor. Hannibal grabs onto his thigh and stops him from falling.

Hannibal slips down the sofa only slightly, pressing against Will's slick hole.

"Please, daddy." Will whines, his voice is so quiet that Hannibal mentally questions what Will just said.

He pushes inside and Will releases a breathy "Ah." Something that sounds like relief. He sets a quick pace, the sofa creeks beneath them--will he be buying a new sofa next?

Will purrs and pushes his hips up to meet each thrust, his nails scratch down Hannibal's back--they're not quite claws but definitely sharper than they should be. His back stings and he can feel warm blood welling up from them.

"Fuck, c-can you knot me?"

Knotting outside of rut is rare but not impossible. "You want my knot, mylimasis? You want to be filled?"

"Please, daddy, want your knot inside me."

There it is again, each time it comes from Will's mouth a wave of arousal spikes within Hannibal. He's never thought about being called "daddy" during copulation or by a child--it coming from Will's mouth sounds so *right* --he can't help but think about how Will calling him such is linked to deep psychological trauma.

His thrusts are deep and he feels the smooth tissue of Will's cervix--he notes that it should feel firm so soon after his heat, yet it's soft, a thought he will revisit later. Hannibal's knot begins to swell, "Touch yourself, my love, come for me."

One hand goes to Hannibal's hair, the other slides between them and wraps around his leaking cock--jerking himself off fast. His moans are high pitched and he's clenching around Hannibal. His orgasm hits, cum and slick cover both of their chests, Will's hand leaves his cock and goes to Hannibal's chest, rubbing the slick and cum into his chest hair--another form of scent marking. His knot expands as Will climaxes again, "Hannibal." Will whines, hips jerking. Hannibal stills and releases deep inside Will, cock head pressed against Will's cervix--if he was in heat Hannibal has no doubt he'd be pregnant after this, but maybe.. "Don't stop."

"I'm not going to hurt you, calm down, it's okay, I've got you." Hannibal kisses Will trying to quell his arousal and insatiability.

--

Three weeks pass without too many accidents, Winston doesn't wake either of them up in time and pees on the kitchen floor a few times, Hannibal has a doggy door installed

immediately after the third incident. Winston doesn't try to get into their bed, he's perfectly content with his own soft bed in the corner of the room.

The fourth week is when everything goes sideways;

Hannibal arrives home from work to find Winston locked in his kennel clawing at the plastic and metal trying his damndest to get out, the back door is open and Hannibal can smell fresh blood. He grabs a knife from the butcher block and goes looking for Will--he can't hear anything inside the house other than Winston scratching and whining.

Each room is as empty as the last until the master bedroom, the scent of fresh blood is coming from inside. Upon opening the door Hannibal finds the bedside lamp has been knocked over and broken. The blankets are half on the floor as if Will tried to scramble out of them. But still, he doesn't see blood--the scent is cloying, but the physicality of it eludes him. He follows his nose and finds blood on the sheets, he searches and finds small smears on the walls of the hallway that he'd missed initially.

He goes to the open back door and finds smeared fingerprints made of blood on the door frame. There are footprints and drag marks in the grass and the back gate has been broken--someone has taken Will.

Who even knew of his presence in Hannibal's home? The list is short, the Verger's, Donald Sutcliffe, and one of Hannibal's colleagues--Alana Bloom. He mentally crosses Alana and Donald off the list of suspects, no matter how curious they were about Will neither would've kidnapped him. Donald wanted to study Will and Alana simply wanted to meet the man who finally caught Hannibal's attention--she'd been trying for years.

That leaves the Verger's, more specifically Mason. He had told Hannibal he didn't want to let Will go, that he was up for a return if necessary. Would Mason go so far as to kidnap Will? Hannibal would say yes. Mason is a deeply disturbed man, who hyper-fixates on things he feels are *his* .

Hannibal drops the knife onto the counter, quickly lets Winston out to use the bathroom--Winston tries to go looking for Will, Hannibal puts him back in the kennel, fills his bowls with water and food and places them into the kennel with Winston before heading to the basement.

Hannibal doesn't like guns--they're loud and create a much larger mess, and they are easily traceable--but he owns one for just-in-case moments, this is one of those moments. He unlocks the small locked case and retrieves the gun and an extra box of ammo. He won't use the gun unless necessary.

He grabs one of his plastic suits and his bag of *tools* and heads to his car, he'll drive it his office and then leave on foot to a near-by parking structure that doesn't have any surveillance cameras--he's made use of that particular parking structure many times, cars are stolen from the structure frequently, they should really invest in some cameras--and steal a car to take to the Verger estate.

He will find Will and together they will kill Mason and Cordell and anyone who tries to get in their way.

Stealing a car and driving to the Verger estate is the easy part. Hannibal parks the car in between some trees about a mile from the estate's driveway, there is a gate with a guard at it, but Hannibal won't be going that way. He pulls the plastic suit on over his clothes and starts off into the trees. Margot has often told him of the trails she rides her horse on, Hannibal only needs to find them and follow them back to an unguarded gate that leads to the horse stable.

He finds the trails easily, he pays close attention to his surroundings, it's not entirely dark out yet--the sky is still various shades of deep blue due to daylight savings time, he doesn't have time to check his watch but if he had to guess based on the sky and the time he left his own home and how long it would've taken him to get to his office, steal a car and drive to the Verger estate, it has to be nearing nine pm.

Hannibal finds the gate, it's unguarded but locked, he doesn't want to waste time picking the lock but the height of the fence leaves him unable to simply climb it. He places his bag on the ground and pulls out a small black pouch with everything he needs to pick the lock--it's been a while since he's needed to use this particular skill but he gets it done without much of a struggle. Hannibal enters the horse stable, luckily it's empty other than a few horses. He thinks back to the last time he was at the Verger estate trying to remember where CCTV cameras are and how many guards Mason typically has on duty.

There are cameras facing the driveway and the omega barns, one at the front door--he never saw the back door but he'd guess there is one there too, he'll have to enter the house through a window. During the day Mason has no less than eight guards on duty not including Cordell, night time may be different but that's a risk Hannibal must take. He briefly wonders if Mason is holding Will in the underground cell--that could be a trap though. He decided that he will search the house first before going to the underground cell. He realizes carrying his bag with him could draw more attention to him. The plastic suit is designed to have an interior pocket for a single small item, in this case, Hannibal puts the lock picking kit into that pocket, there is an outer pocket designed to hold a weapon if needed, he checks the blade cover before sliding a scalpel into the pocket. He has the gun inside of the plastic suit in a holster on his hip.

He's careful to stay out of the line of sight of the cameras. Hannibal approaches a downstairs window, he peeks inside and sees that it is an empty bathroom, the window slides upward easily--you have all this security yet leave your windows unlocked, that's careless Mason.

Luckily for Hannibal, the windows are large and he climbs inside easily. He listens carefully for movement without the house, he hears Margot in her room, shuffling around opening and closing drawers likely preparing for bed. He hears Mason and Cordell speaking to each other--likely in Mason's office. He listens for any other sounds--Will specifically--he faintly detects a faint muffled shouting coming from the basement potentially--that could Will--it has to be him. The only question now is whether he goes for the basement first or to confront Mason and Cordell.

The decision is made for him when Mason orders Cordell to the basement to finish the *procedure* . He slips out of the bathroom and follows Cordell to the basement door, catching it before it latches and locks him out and creeps down the stairs behind him.

The basement is set up to look like a surgical suite--plastic drapes, a heart rate monitor steadily beeping, various scalpels and medical instruments sit on two tables, and a stainless steel operating table sits in the middle with Will strapped to it.

Will is bound to table, gag in his mouth, cannula in his nose, IV in his left arm--what is Mason pumping into Will's system now? Hannibal can smell fresh blood again--Will's blood--his more feral alpha side wants to attack and protect his mate, the logical side knows that he needs to proceed with caution so that Will isn't further harmed.

"HANNIBAL! PLEASE HELP ME!" Hannibal can suddenly hear Will screaming in his head.

It's worth a shot, **"I'm here, mylimasis, you're going to be okay."**

Will continues screaming and Hannibal keeps trying to get him to hear his thoughts.

He can see tears running down the sides of Will's face, as he strains against his bonds, trying to get away but his movements are weak and sluggish as if he's been dosed with sedatives--no doubt Mason dosed him if he hadn't Will wouldn't have been taken--he would've fought back and killed whomever was in their home threatening him.

Will still suddenly, eyes darting around the room--has he heard my message, is he looking for me?

"I'm right here, in the shadows, you're going to be okay."

Will whimpers around the gag, *"Please hurry, I didn't know."*

Didn't know what? Hannibal sees his opportunity when Cordell moves to fill a syringe to inject Will's with something else. He doesn't bother with the scalpel in his pocket or any of the tools on the table, he quickly twists and snaps Cordell's neck. He falls to the ground with a loud thud. In his head, Will is still repeating, *"I didn't know."* Hannibal moves to Will quickly after checking the different bottles of medicine on the table, two different types of sedatives, Methotrexate, and Misoprostol.

He grabs a scalpel off the table--easier to access than the one in his plastic suit pocket--and cuts Will's bonds before pulling the gag from his mouth, "I didn't know, it hurts so bad." Will sobs into Hannibal's chest. Will is bleeding, there are cuts and scrapes all over his body from what Hannibal can see. One of Will's palms is sliced open, sluggishly bleeding, but mostly clotted closed--perhaps this injury occurred at their home and that is what the blood on their bed and walls is from.

Hannibal wraps his arms around Will, holding him tightly. "Shh, my love, it's okay, it's not your fault." Hannibal *suspected* but didn't know for sure, he should've taken Will in for a blood test as soon as he noticed a slight change in Will's scent. Add that to his increased libido and his cervix being soft--Hannibal should've known.

"I'm s-s-sorry."

"Do not apologize, mylimasis. You didn't know, couldn't have known yet."

"I should've been able to sense it, or smell it, or feel it, or *something* , Hannibal our baby is dead because of me." Will's speech is slurred from the sedatives and the pain--physical and mental.

Hannibal wants to tear the room apart, bring the entire house down, and rip Mason apart, but he must remain calm for Will right now. "Our child is gone because of Mason Verger. This is not your fault, my love, not at all."

"I should've fought back more."

"He injected you with two different sedatives, there's nothing you could've done."

"Where is he? Where is Mason, Hannibal?"

"The last time I heard him he was in his office upstairs."

"Help me get up there, I'm going to kill him now."

"Will, I need to get you to a hospital."

"Take me to a fucking hospital after I rip his throat out." Hannibal can *feel* Will's anger and sorrow and **pain** through their bond. "He killed our child, he deserves to die."

"Yes, he does, but I'm concerned for your health. I can feel how much pain you are in, and I can smell how much you're bleeding, Will, please, let me take you to a hospital. We can deal with Mason later."

Will tries to scent Hannibal--an attempt to soothe himself--but because of the plastic suit he can't--it covers Hannibal's scent glands. Will whines, high pitched, and sobs harder.

Hannibal tries to soothe him, but Hannibal's suits were specially made to conceal his scent and without it, Will is not going to be able to calm down. Hannibal yanks the zipper down trying to expose his neck for Will before he starts truly panicking. "Calm down, mylimasis, breathe in my scent, it's okay." Nothing is okay, nothing is going to be okay for a while.

Will sniffles and sobs and breathes in Hannibal's scent trying to calm down. His breathing evens out significantly and the body shaking sobs stop, but the tears do not. "I couldn't do anything to stop them, I couldn't protect our baby," Will speaks in barely more than a whisper.

"Please don't blame yourself, Will, if anything blame me."

"How could I blame you? You weren't even home."

"But I should've been, I should've been there with you."

"Let's not argue, just please get me in front of Mason so I can kill him or get me the hell out of here."

Hannibal picks Will up, it would be easier to carry him over his shoulder, but Will is already in pain, so Hannibal carries him bridal style with Will's arms wrapped around his neck so he can keep his nose to Hannibal's scent gland. Mason had Will stripped and put into what

equates a hospital gown, back open and as Hannibal carries him up the stairs blood and tissue smear across the plastic sleeve of his suit on his arm that's hooked under Will's knees--his thighs are covered--Hannibal can only imagine how much is on the front of his suit and how much is dripping onto the floor.

At the top of the stairs, he pauses before opening the door, listening to make sure no one is nearby--he has no issue with killing anyone who gets in their way, but it would be difficult to do while carrying Will. When he doesn't hear anyone close, he opens the door and starts down the hallway the way he came, back towards the bathroom he came in through.

Will whines into his neck, it's quiet but comes with a sharp pang of pain through their bond--Will must be cramping again.

"We're almost outside, my love." He hopes Will can hear him, he's still unsure how this telepathic communication works.

Hannibal was distracted--not listening properly--when suddenly a door opened ahead of them, Margot stepped out. Shock is evident on her face, "Hannibal? What the hell are you wearing? What are you doing here? Who are you carrying? Oh my God, is that Will?"

"Quiet, Margot."

She nods curtly and ushers them into the room she just left, shutting the door behind them.

"I purchased Will from Mason a few months ago, but Mason did not want to let him go. He had Will kidnapped from our home today, held him in the basement, and hurt him."

"That's so much blood, what did he do?"

"Medical abortion."

Margot gasps, "No."

"I need to get him out of here and to a hospital."

"But you can't be seen by any of the security, of course. Please let me help."

Will is quiet in Hannibal's arms, he hopes Will hasn't lost consciousness. "Unless you can get me out and to my car about a mile from the front gate, I don't see how you can help. I need to move quickly."

"If you go through the side entrance there isn't any security, you can get to my car and drive out the front gate, drive all the way to the hospital, the night guard tends to fall asleep, but even if he is awake he won't stop you in my car."

Hannibal isn't sure Will is going to make it all the way to the car on foot, he's either already lost consciousness or is rapidly approaching it. Whether it's from blood loss, pain or shock, Hannibal cannot say, maybe it's a combination of it all.

"I'll give my keys and lead you to the side entrance, come on, quickly."

"Wait, do you have a blanket or towel or something I can wrap around him, he's losing an alarming amount of blood, I'm afraid shock will set in soon."

Margot pauses, opens a closet and pulls out a large beach towel and a linen sheet, both of which smell strongly of her--a beta's scent is much more subtle than that of an alpha or omega, Margot wears thick, heavily scented perfumes to *enhance* her beta scent.

Hannibal maneuvers Will so the towel is around his hips and tucked between his legs to contain the blood. He drapes the sheet over top of Will wrapping it around him as best as he can.

He follows Margot to the side door, she puts her keys into Hannibal's hand and tells him to go, quickly.

He reaches Margot’s car easily, unlocks it, and lays Will in the backseat, "Hang on, my love, please." He closes the door and slides in behind the wheel, starts the car and drives to the front gate. As Margot said, the guard at the gate presses a button and lets them out without so much a second glance at the car.

Once outside of the estate and onto the highway, Hannibal speeds towards John's Hopkins, he stops in an alleyway a few blocks from the hospital, climbs out of the car and strips the plastic suit off, he folds it so the blood is inside and places it and the gun into the trunk. He opens the backdoor Will's eyes flutter open momentarily before slipping closed again, he strips Will of the hospital gown, wrapping him tightly in the blanket, he tosses the blood-soaked gown into a dumpster. He pulls his phone out as he gets behind the wheel again, dialing Margot’s number--she'd given it to him after their last session, she said she didn't want Mason knowing how often their sessions were and Hannibal's receptionist calling to remind her of appointments made that impossible--she answers after barely two rings, he tells her about the bag he left in the horse stable, she tells him that she will get it and bring it to him next session, she doesn't ask what is in it or why he left in the horse stable. He would've told her the truth had she asked.

He pulls up outside of the emergency department, turns the key and yanks it from the ignition, he pulls open the backdoor and lifts Will out--he's unconscious now--before carrying him inside.

"Patient is a male, omega, age twenty, I believe he's experiencing a first-trimester miscarriage. He lost consciousness in the car, he's lost a lot of blood." Hannibal lies--he's licensed to prescribe medication, they may suspect him if he gives any indication that he knows it's a medical abortion. The nurse rushes out from the locked ER doors, and leads Hannibal to an exam room, he places Will onto the exam table and takes a small step back to allow her to take Will's vitals.

"Pulse is thready, BP is sixty over forty," The nurse is speaking to the doctor, but as much as Hannibal wants to hear what she's saying, hear the details of Will's condition, he can't focus, he can hear a constant whimpering in his head--he hears Will crying and wants nothing more than to hold him.

--

They stabilize Will, but he doesn't wake up yet. They kick Hannibal out of the room with an intake nurse while they perform a pelvic exam, Hannibal had tried to protest--told them he **had** to stay--they told him he needed to talk to the nurse and give her as much information as possible about the patient.

"There are some forms you'll need to fill out, admissions and insurance. But for now, can I get both of your names?"

"Doctor Hannibal Lecter and your patient is William Graham."

"What is your relationship to the patient?"

"He's my omega--my mate."

"What can you tell me about what happened?"

"I don't know, I came home from work and found him bleeding and in pain."

"Did you know he was pregnant?"

"I suspected it, but no."

"You suspected, Dr. Lecter, but didn't have him take a pregnancy test?"

"There was a very minute change to his scent, increased libido and I noticed his cervix was soft which it shouldn't have been so soon after his heat, but we haven't really discussed having children, I ignored the symptoms to let him discover it first. I shouldn't have done

that, I should've taken care of him, but I didn't. And nothing either of us say now can reverse time, nothing can bring our child back. My concern now is that he is okay. I'll fill out your forms once I'm with him." Hannibal's anxiety level is steadily rising--he's never felt this way before.

The nurse picks up the phone and pages into the room, "Let me check if the exam is done and if he's woken up yet, then I can get you back in there." Hannibal nods and waits for her to put the phone back down.

"One more question, then the doctor would like to speak to you and then you can go."

"Are you certain this was just a miscarriage?"

"I told you I came home from work and found him bleeding."

She hums and nods and leads Hannibal to an empty consultation room where the doctor and unsurprisingly a police officer is waiting for him--they must've done blood work. "Dr. Lecter?"

He nods.

"You probably don't remember me but we went to med. school together, James Miller."

"You're right, I don't remember you, nor do I care to stand here and reminisce, I'd like to know how Will is and be with him."

"I'm sorry, of course, Mr. Graham indeed is experiencing a first-trimester miscarriage, but blood work indicates sedatives as well as medication associated with medical abortions."

"What?" Hannibal practically snarls--trying to convey shock and anger, which he is experiencing but he already knew this fact so it is neither as shocking nor infuriating as it was

a short time ago.

"Would he have gone to a clinic to terminate the pregnancy without your knowledge?"

"Never. He didn't even know he was pregnant. When I found him he kept repeating that he didn't know."

The officer speaks next, "You are licensed to prescribe medication, correct?"

"Yes. But I assure you if you look into my recent prescriptions you will find none of the medications associated with medical abortions. In fact, I'm permitting you to look."

The cops nods and says, "Thank you for your cooperation."

"I just want to go to my mate now."

"There's something else we need to discuss first, during the pelvic exam I discovered tearing."

Tearing? Impossible, Hannibal has always been careful with Will.

"Vaginal and anal, which attributed to the excessive blood loss."

Mason, it had to have been Mason, Hannibal is going to murder him, dispose of his body where no one will ever find him. He will not cook even a single piece of him--he knew Mason was a horrible, vile, sad excuse of a man, but Hannibal had planned on cooking some part of him and offering it to Will--now just the notion of eating any part of him sounds toxic.

"Are you accusing me of assaulting him?"

"The trauma is evident, someone raped him."

"Did you do a rape kit?"

"Yes, and we'd like a sample of your DNA as well."

"Of course, but he *is* my omega, we've been having sex regularly."

"We found DNA evidence, semen, and saliva, if it's not yours then we'll find out who did this."

"We engaged in oral sex last night, but I haven't penetrated or ejaculated inside of him for two days."

"Thank you for offering up that information, if you'll follow me I'll take that DNA sample then you can go see Mr. Graham, he was starting to regain consciousness when I left."

A simple swab of the inside of his mouth and a quick blood draw later and Hannibal was stepping inside Will's room--they'd moved him from the emergency department to a private room in the maternity ward, not somewhere Hannibal would've put a grieving omega who's body is still expelling the tissues that held their child's life, but Will isn't his patient and the decision to put him here wasn't one Hannibal could make.

Will's head snaps up and his eyes meet Hannibal's, the constant crying in his head hasn't stopped, but now he can see the physical tears on Will's face as well.

"Mylimasis." Hannibal crosses the room quickly, both reaching for the other. Their hands connect first, palm to palm, fingers lacing together. His other hand is tightly bandaged.

"Hannibal." Will's voice is hoarse. "Did they tell you?"

"Tell me what, my love?"

Will pulls at Hannibal's hand, scoots himself over and motions for Hannibal to sit on the bed with him. The plasticy underpads crinkle beneath them. Hannibal's arm hooks around Will's shoulders, pressing him against Hannibal's side, they are still holding hands and their joined hands come to rest on Hannibal's thigh.

"I didn't remember it, but now that they've told me there are little flashes in my memory. I remember him injecting me with something--an extra-large dose of sedatives I'm sure--and then everything went fuzzy and dark. I remember being on my stomach and him being on top of me," Will shakes his head, "Mason raped me, I know he did. He killed our baby and even as I was bleeding he raped me."

Hannibal strokes the back of Will's hand with his thumb and rubs at his upper arm with his other hand.

"I think maybe I remember more details but the way it hurt distracted me--I was beginning to lose our baby and the cramping hurt and the mental pain of not even knowing it was there to suddenly losing it was worse than anything I've ever felt. They said that there is tearing in both," Will goes silent abruptly.

"You're never going to want to touch me again."

"That's not true, mylimasis, I love you, no matter what he's done to you. You are my strong, fierce, brave omega."

"You don't want a broken omega, Hannibal."

"You are not a broken omega, Will."

"I *feel* broken. Our baby is dead and I was raped--how could you ever want to be with someone who couldn't protect your child? Or their own body?"

"I don't blame you, Will. What happened was not your fault. Our baby passing is not your fault--the medications he injected you with are at fault. You were heavily sedated, you couldn't defend yourself from him, please do not blame yourself, my love."

"What if I can't get pregnant again?"

"You will, mylimasis if you want to, you will."

"I want to carry your child, Hannibal, I want that almost more than anything else."

"What do you want the most, Will?"

"I want our child to be alive and growing in my belly." Will's bandaged hand moves to rest against his stomach--atop his rapidly emptying womb.

"And our child will strive in your belly, but not now."

"What if what Mason did to me ruined my fertility?"

"There are tests to find out, but you are healthy and young, mylimasis, I'm certain your fertility is unaffected."

"So we try again when my heat comes in a few months?"

"No, we won't have to wait a few months. You'll go into heat in four to six weeks."

"So soon?"

"The expulsion of the pregnancy will take the extra estrogen, progesterone, and human chorionic gonadotropin hormones with it. Bringing back increased levels of FSH and LH hormones to facilitate and regulate your heat cycle, the increased levels act as a reset on your cycle causing it to come on quickly. In fact, the first heat after pregnancy--ending in loss or a healthy child--is quite potent due to the hormones, and the chance of pregnancy is greatly increased. Ovulation can occur as soon as two weeks after loss of a pregnancy, but you will only be able to conceive during your heat."

"You'll get me pregnant again?"

"I will do everything I can in an attempt to ensure you become pregnant."

"What if I don't ovulate before my heat?"

"There is no reason to worry if you do not ovulate before your heat. It's just a sign that your body is healing quickly."

"I have regeneration abilities, could that affect it?"

"I don't know, my love. I can only assume it will help."

"Are there like signs or something that I'm ovulating?"

"Yes, you may experience a heightened sex drive, sensitivity and tenderness in your chest, increased basal body temperature, light spotting and pain in the lower abdomen and increased thick, clear cervical mucus, a discharge similar in appearance to slick but it won't carry your omega scent."

"Will you help me monitor them?"

"Of course."

"I never ever wanted a child, but I knew one day I'd be purchased and my alpha would want a child and I'd be forced to give them one, I hated that. I didn't want to be forced to have a child, but with you everything is different. I hadn't thought about having a child with you--not really--but I knew someday we would. I didn't know about our child and only finding out about it when it was already gone--fuck--I didn't necessarily *want* to be pregnant now but now knowing that I was, it's all that I want."

"I'll admit I hadn't thought of having a child with you soon, but I do want a child with you. Whether that be in a month after your heat or five years from now."

Will cries silently with his head against Hannibal's chest.

"It's going to be alright, my love."

"We will destroy Mason together."

--

The bleeding decreased as the night went on and by early morning they were ready to be released with strict instructions of Will resting and Hannibal keeping an eye on him for any increase in bleeding or if large clots became present. They're told to watch for a fever and if one spikes then Will is to immediately return to the emergency department.

Will was naked when Hannibal brought him into the hospital--Hannibal had been asked if he wanted the towel and sheet back, he aggressively declined and told them to dispose of it with the medical waste--Hannibal called Alana and had her bring him a plain gray t-shirt, a pair of

soft black sweatpants, socks and maternity underwear as well as a few packages of postpartum sanitary pads. He offered her no explanation and she didn't ask, she brought the items and met Hannibal in the parking lot of the hospital an hour before Will was discharged.

Will cried at the sight of the pads but afterward thanked Hannibal for not making him wear the mesh underwear and uncomfortably large pads the hospital had provided for him.

Hannibal drives Margot’s car to his office, he takes the things out of the trunk and places them into the trunk of the Bentley. He'll call Margot later and tell her where to pick up her car.

Will is silent the entire way home, it worries Hannibal especially when he can't hear any of Will's thoughts.

As soon as they enter the house Hannibal smells old blood--he knows Will can smell it too--and hears Winston's scratching at his kennel.

"Oh no, Winston. Is he okay? He wasn't hurt when they took me?"

"He's quite alright, he's just been locked in his kennel, I'm sure he's anxious to get out."

Will goes to the cage, bends to unlatch it and lets Winston out, the dog seemingly senses Will's upset and doesn't try to jump on him, he simply presses his nose to Will's hand and wags his tail happily. Will scratches behind his ears and takes him out to the backyard.

Hannibal goes upstairs to strip the bed of bloody sheets and clean up the broken lamp.

He tosses it all into a trash bag instead of washing the sheets. They were expensive but not worth the painful memories.

--

Will's body heals quickly, Hannibal removes the stitches after just three days and Will's allows him to perform his own version of a pelvic exam to check out the tearing, it's all healed up around the same time the stitches come out. He's still sore though and he complains of cramps at least five times a day. The bleeding completely stops after a week. Will seems to be healing well mentally too, he still gets sad at random moments throughout the day but the tears have stopped for the most part.

Hannibal still hasn't been hearing many of Will's thoughts or *feeling* anything from him, but the occasional nudge of sadness presses at him, and a few times he's heard Will murmuring in his head about how much he loves their baby even though they're gone.

It was far too early to determine if the baby was male or female, but Hannibal knows that with how connected to their child Will is, he needs some form of closure. The baby's heart had begun to beat by the time Mason injected Will, the baby was alive and it was part of himself and Will and Hannibal loved the baby too. They both need closure, the cells that made up their child have since passed and been disposed of, but they can still grieve, they still lost a child. Hannibal starts planning, they have no body to bury or cremate but they can still have a gravesite, Hannibal has more than enough money, he'll pay whatever the cemetery wants for an entire mausoleum, and he will have a headstone created for their child so that he and Will have somewhere to go and physically see their child's name and grieve. He needs to speak to Will about a name for their child, he doesn't want to make Will cry again when he's just starting to feel better, but Hannibal is certain this will help in the long run.

He tries to bring it up while Will helps him prepare dinner, but is thoroughly distracted when Will pushes him against the counter and starts kissing him. It's been twelve days since Mason took Will, in that time Hannibal has tried his damndest to make sure that Will knows Hannibal still loves him and wants him, but Will hasn't allowed Hannibal more than some hand-holding, hugs and cuddles at night--he's missed kissing Will incredibly.

"Why haven't you kissed me?" Will asks after breaking the kiss, forehead pressed against Hannibal's shoulder.

"I've tried, mylimasis, but when you would turn away from me, I let you go, I wasn't trying to push you into something too soon."

"I thought you didn't want me anymore."

"I will always want you, Will. Nothing but divine intervention will keep me from you."

"I love you, Hannibal."

"I love you too, Will. Now would you like to help me finish dinner?"

Will smiles softly--the first real smile Hannibal has seen since before--and nods. He picks up a knife and starts chopping vegetables again.

Hannibal thinks he will bring it up during dinner.

Dinner is eaten in comfortable silence, with Will nudging at Hannibal's foot with his own under the table. Hannibal focuses on the happy sounds Will makes as he eats. Before long the meal ends and Hannibal still hasn't brought it up.

Perhaps before bed, he can broach the subject of a name for the child they lost.

"May we sit and speak for a moment, my love?"

"I was going to brush my teeth, what would you like to talk about?" Will pets Winston as he speaks.

Hannibal pats the bed next to him. "Sit, my love." Will snuggles up next to him. "I'd like to speak about our child."

"I don't think I want to talk about them right now."

"Will, my love, there's something I've been wanting to discuss with you all day."

"If it's about the baby then don't even say it. Not now."

"Please, Will, it's important."

Will bites at his quivering lower lip--he's going to start crying, "I don't want to."

"Will, I'm calling New Cathedral Cemetery tomorrow to begin the process of purchasing a mausoleum for our family. I would like to place a headstone there for our child."

"What? No, Hannibal, there is no body, you can't have an empty grave."

"He was still our child, Will, body or not he deserves a place to be remembered, somewhere for us to go and see his name and grieve for him." Hannibal turns to face Will, to try to comfort him.

Will pushes him back when Hannibal tries to touch him. "Our child doesn't have a name, will never have a name, you call our child him but we don't know that it was too early to know that."

"Mylimasis, we can name him, we can love him and we can grieve him."

"Stop, our child wasn't a boy, wasn't a girl, it was just a bundle of cells that Mason killed before they could grow and *become* someone." Will's hands clench tightly and hits Hannibal in the chest with the sides of his fists--it doesn't hurt nearly as much as Will *wants* it to. Will is sobbing and shaking.

Hannibal hasn't cried since Mischa died, but tears well up in his eyes, "Will, please, you're hurting, I'm hurting, our child is gone, but we don't have to forget them. Let us name him and put him to rest."

"I don't know, Hannibal, I want to, but I never wanted kids, never thought when I was forced to have one or more that I would have any input on naming them. I was to be the bitch that was bred, not an actual parent."

"Once again, Will, your choice and opinion always will matter to me. You always get to make your own decisions with me. You are a parent now, just because our child has passed that does not mean you are not a parent anymore."

"How can I be a parent if I don't have a child?"

"You do have a child, Will. I have a child, we have a child together. And our child died, but he is still ours. Will, you were five weeks pregnant, our child's heart had started to beat, his body was already beginning to form, he was alive and he is our child. Please, help me give him a name and place to be remembered."

"His heart was beating? He wasn't just a bundle of cells?" Will is calling the baby "him", Hannibal thinks they're making progress, he thinks that Will is finally starting to accept that their child is still their child even though he's gone.

A few tears slip down Hannibal's cheeks, "Yes, his heart was beating, and he was growing. I know that we don't know if he was a boy or girl, alpha or omega or beta, if he would have your hair and my eyes or your eyes and my hair, we just don't know, and as much as I wish we could've known but we never will. But we can give him a name to remember him."

"Why are you so intent on calling our child him?"

"We will never know, but I have this feeling that our child was male and that he would've been a strong and wonderful omega like you."

Will smiles through his tears, sniffles then speaks, "You're wrong, he would've been an alpha like his daddy." Will wraps his arms around Hannibal, puts his nose against Hannibal's neck, and presses his lips to the bonding mark there.

"You may be correct, my love, or perhaps I am, but no matter what, he is ours and he always will be." Hannibal pauses, a thought pops into his head, "Mylimasis, would you like to name our son after your father?"

"Oh, oh um, thank you, but no. I love my dad, I really do, and I miss him every day, but my first thought when you said you wanted to name our child was Sébastien."

"Sébastien is an excellent choice. I haven't given it much thought yet as I wanted to discuss it with you, but the name Jokubas kept coming back to me. Sébastien Jokubas Lecter, a strong name."

"Hannibal, um, I know that we're bonded and you *own* me, but my last name is still Graham and I understand if you don't want to but.." Will's sentence trails off, but Hannibal hears the unspoken question, even if Will doesn't telepathically communicate with him.

"You would like to be a Lecter as well?"

Will nods against Hannibal's neck.

"Will, mylimasis, will you marry me?"

"You mean it? You really want to marry me?"

"I do, my love, and I'm sorry I don't have a ring for you now, but I will buy you any ring you want."

"I don't need a ring, I just need you."

Hannibal kisses the top of Will's head, then places his hand on Will's jaw and tilts his face up so Hannibal can kiss his lips. Their lips move together, and Will's tongue glides across Hannibal's lips trying to deepen this kiss. He opens his mouth and lets Will's tongue slide in and against his tongue.

Will purrs into the kiss, and Hannibal--who isn't even hard--nearly climaxes from the sound alone. His omega is happy, and content and hasn't purred in almost two weeks. He growls low in his chest, it rumbles deeply and Will purrs again before pulling back, "I love you, Hannibal. I never thought I'd have an alpha who loved me and actually wanted to be with me. I was told for years that I was just a bitch, that the only thing I was good for was breeding. But you don't think like that, you see me as a predator, but also someone worth something, worth more than that. You want to have a baby with me and you want to marry me and I don't know what I could've done to deserve you. This all feels surreal."

"And I love you, Will. I don't know what I did to deserve you, I am a horrible person, a murder, a cannibal, I couldn't protect my Mischa, I couldn't protect you or our son, I don't deserve someone as feral and brave and strong as you, but I have you and I have no intention of ever letting you go. I hope one day you will hunt with me, provide for our *children* ."

"You want me to hunt with you?"

"Yes."

"Soon?"

"Whenever you'd like, mylimasis."

"After my heat."

Hannibal smiles, "As you wish. After you recover from your heat we will hunt together."

--

They have a private service for Sébastien the following week, the two of them, Alana and Margot--Hannibal was hesitant to ask her to come but Will insisted, he said he knew how much Margot had helped them that night and that she'd been the closest thing he had to a friend for years.

After the service, Margot pulls Hannibal to the side, "There were police officers at the estate a few days ago, they took Mason in for questioning, apparently his DNA was found on a rape victim, now you and I both know that Mason doesn't leave the estate and we also both know what Mason did to Will, so what I know from you is did Mason rape Will? And if he did, why the hell isn't Mason in jail right now?"

"Excellent deduction, Margot. Yes, Mason raped Will, and the reason he is not rotting in a cell now is that Will and I decided to lie to the police, we told them Will was having an affair with Mason, and when he found out he was pregnant he went to Mason for help because he didn't know who the father was. Will told the police that he and Mason had sex--rough sex mind you--before Will voluntarily took the medication to induce an abortion. I of course knew nothing about it. There are no charges being filed and we'll handle Mason on our own *later* ."

"I want to help."

"I couldn't ask that of you, Margot."

"You're not asking, I'm offering. I want to help, Dr. Lecter, I haven't told you all the details of how Mason has hurt me. You know he broke my arm a few months ago--told everyone including the doctors that it was a riding accident. About a year ago I was in the hospital for a month with a severe infection--I almost died. Do you know how I got that infection? No, of course, you don't, but let me tell you, I'm sure you know that I'm a beta and Mason hates that. Molson had a clause put into his will that there has to be a Verger heir and the baby has to be a male. Mason wanted me to undergo omega hormone therapy so that I could carry **his** heir. I refused. He was angry not just because I refused but because he found out about certain proclivities of mine. He told me that I would do the therapy and become his omega or he would disown me from the family. I told him to go fuck himself and took off, I found some guy at a bar, went to his house and got pregnant. I was taking matters into my own hands, I would have my own heir. When Mason found out he was furious, he hired some hack doctor

to perform an abortion, and," Margot pauses, visibly upset, "And a hysterectomy. Mason said that I was a bad girl and that I took my biology for granted and didn't deserve it. So now the only way for the family to keep its money is if Mason has an heir. Anyway, after the surgery I got a fever, and apparently I had an infection, they called it pelvic cellulitis, which also led to them discovering the beginnings of a blood infection."

"He had someone give you an abortion and a hysterectomy?"

"And then after I was all better, he started raping me, said that even if he couldn't get me pregnant he could still *practice* . I want him dead just as much as you and Will do."

"You must come over for dinner soon."

"Let me know when and I will be there."

"I call you later with the details."

They go their separate ways, Hannibal finds Will staring at the shining headstone with their son's name on it. He's not crying though, he's smiling softly.

--

"Mylimasis, I've invited Margot to dinner this weekend."

"Really? You voluntarily invited her into our home? Who are you and what have you done with my alpha?" Will laughs.

"We have some important things to discuss with her. She told me she wants to help us kill her brother."

"You aren't serious."

"I am very much serious, my love. I don't know if you know many of the atrocious things he's done to her, but she understands what happened to you personally and wants to help."

"I knew he hit her, but are you intimating that he rapes her?"

Hannibal nods, curtly. "She was pregnant about a year ago, Mason had a surgical abortion performed and a hysterectomy. Margot will never have a child of her own."

Will gasps, "Death is too good for him, he deserves to suffer."

"It will not be a quick death, mylimasis, don't worry. He will suffer for everything he's done."

Will smirks, flashing his fangs, "Torture? Oh, now that sounds like it will be fun."

"You are positively wicked, my love. I cannot wait to see you covered in his blood."

--

Margot comes to dinner on Friday night, Hannibal serves a succulent loin cut with red fruit Cumberland sauce. They told Margot it was pork, but with her family owning a meat packaging plant and having plenty of pigs--in addition to the *breeding farm* --Hannibal can only assume she *knows* it's not pork by taste but she doesn't say anything.

They come up with a plan as they eat. After Will's heat, Hannibal will call Margot and tell her when, once she gets the call Margot will drug Mason and get him into Will's old cell, neither Hannibal nor Will cares what she does to him before they arrive so long as he is still alive.

Margot will distract the security guards and allow them time to slip into the underground bunker unseen.

She doesn't want specifics on what they will do to Mason nor does she offer up information about what she will do to him, they will feed the body to the pigs afterward and burn all soiled items in the furnace where Mason heats the pig brand.

"What about the blood in the cell?"

"Bleach and I know of a particularly effective enzymatic cleaner, I'll personally clean the cell afterward. Don't fret, Margot, no one will ever find out."

"I'm not afraid of being caught. I am however worried about the matter of my father's will stating there must be a male heir. I can't have a child, perhaps you could help me with that as well, Dr. Lecter."

"How can I help you, Margot? Mason has rendered you infertile."

"I've got someone who's willing to carry an heir for me, the only thing I need is Mason's sperm."

"You would like help extracting it?"

"I can do it myself, I just need to know how."

"Electroejaculation, can you get your hands on a cattle prod?"

"Yes, there are plenty around the farm, Mason uses them on the omegas."

Yes, Hannibal remembers all too well when one was used on Will. "You'll need to insert the cattle prod into Mason's anus and stimulate his prostate with it. It could be quite painful for him, though I believe we all agree causing him pain is something we are hoping for. You'll need a sterile medical cup ready to collect the semen."

"But it will work?"

"Absolutely, electroejaculation has been used for years on many different mammals."

Margot stays for about an hour after dinner discussing Will's time with them, and how much she regrets treating him the way she did.

Will tells her that he forgives her and that he knows she was scared too. They hug before she leaves.

--

The next two weeks are spent getting a plastic suit made for Will and Hannibal making preparations for Will's heat, he has been smelling a cloying sweetness on Will--the fever causes it--for a week, it is faint but grows stronger every day. His heat will hit soon and Hannibal will be prepared, meals premade that need to only be put into the oven and warmed, plenty of bottled water, and extra blankets for Will to add to their nest.

Hannibal is worried that Will's heat will be stronger and more emotionally charged this time. The influx of extra hormones in combination with the emotional trauma that still lingers from the loss of their son could turn volatile, causing Will's heat haze to be stronger. Additionally, they have not been intimate other than some kissing and light petting over their clothes since everything happened. Hannibal can't be sure if that is because of losing their son or Will's suppression of his feelings regarding being raped--Hannibal *knows* that he should try to get Will to talk about it, but he hasn't because as horrible as it is to admit he's allowing Will to ignore it--or maybe it's a combination of both. But because of that Hannibal worries that Will may react negatively during his heat when Hannibal is inside of him. He's packed up an extra bag of medical supplies and slid it under the bed in the guest bedroom where the nest is just-in-case something happens like Will's claws popping and he cuts one of them or something worse.

"Hannibal, can we talk?"

"Of course, mylimasis, come sit, I was just about to start dinner."

Will takes a seat at the counter on a barstool and watches as Hannibal cuts the excess tissues from the lungs and presses them down against the cutting board to rid them of excess air.

"I can feel that my heat is going to start soon."

"I've noticed a distinct sweetness on you steadily for a week now."

"You didn't think to mention that to me?"

"For what reason, whether I told you or not your heat is still coming."

"You're right, I'm just nervous as it gets closer."

"Why are you nervous, Will?" Hannibal starts slicing the lungs as he speaks.

"Well we haven't.. had sex since.. and I just.. fuck, Hannibal, I'm horny and I can't stop thinking about you fucking me but, Hannibal you sure you still want me?"

Hannibal sets the knife down, and walks around the counter to stand in front of Will--he doesn't touch him because of the raw lungs he was just slicing, "Will, I love you, I want you, if I wasn't so particular about my kitchen and you would allow me to, I would take you on the counter right now."

Will whines and his fangs sink into his lower lip. "You would?"

"Yes, mylimasis, I would spread you out on the countertop and have you for dinner instead of lungs."

Will's breath hitches and Hannibal catches the scent of slick.

"For you, I'm willing to break my own rules though, give me a moment to put the food away and wash my hands, and then," Hannibal licks his lips, the scent of Will's arousal and slick is thick in the air and Hannibal can practically taste it.

Hannibal puts the sliced up lungs into a Tupperware container and into the fridge, then washes his hands thoroughly, when he turns back towards Will, he finds him staring hungrily. He lifts Will up off of the barstool and sets him on the countertop, he nudges Will's legs apart and steps between them. He cups Will's jaw with both hands, stroking his cheeks with his thumbs, "Noriu paragauti tavęs, mano meilė." He licks Will's lips, presses a quick kiss to them then moves to his neck, biting lightly and sucking little bruises into Will's soft flesh.

Will moans and then says something that surprises Hannibal, "Ma moitié."

He releases Will's neck, "Vraiment? Vous pensez à moi comme à votre moitié?"

"Je fais, tu es tout pour moi." Will kisses him, licking into Hannibal's mouth. His tongue slides against Hannibal's fangs--Hannibal worries that Will may cut his tongue, but the low whine in his throat tells him that maybe that's Will's intention. Will's fingers find their way into Hannibal's hair, twisting and lightly pulling.

Hannibal breaks the kiss, licking at Will's lips, hands falling down to his shoulders, "You taste delicious, my love."

"Will you strip me now and lay me down naked on your countertop and taste me?" Will tugs at his hair as presses wet open-mouthed kisses to Hannibal's cheeks and jaw and neck.

Hannibal's cock thickens in his slacks at the prospect of doing just that. His hands drop from Will's shoulders and stop at the hem of Will’s shirt gently tugging the soft fabric up, first exposing the warm flesh of Will's abdomen to the air--Will shivers--dragging it up further to expose the bright pink, hardened peaks of his nipples--Hannibal resists the urge to suck one into his mouth--and finally Will lifts his arms allowing Hannibal to pull the shirt over his head and drop it to the floor in one swift motion. Thumbs brush against Will's nipples before Hannibal replaces his thumb with his tongue, licking and sucking, drawing a long moan from Will--he's so sensitive.

Will's hands slip beneath Hannibal, pulling at the buttons of his shirt, "Off, please, off."

Hannibal stands up straight and quickly unbuttons his shirt not caring when a couple of the buttons rip off and clatter on the floor.

He leans forward kissing the center of Hannibal's chest, before sliding his fingers into Hannibal's chest hair--something he's been doing more and more often at night as they lay in bed. His fingers twist the strands, he doesn't pull though--for which Hannibal is grateful, he doesn't mind the hair atop his head being pulled but the rest of his body hair being pulled is sensitive in an unpleasant way.

Hannibal scents Will, he can smell the sweet heat of Will's low-grade fever--he's not quite entered into heat yet, but Hannibal is certain that Will is in preheat and his true heat is coming quickly. "Tell me, my love, what do you want me to do to you?" He nips at Will's scent gland and at the healed bonding mark there.

"Devour me." Will shivers and whines.

He can't stop himself, he bites into Will's neck, reopening the healed bonding mark, warm, thick blood floods his mouth and Will's entire body goes stiff then he shudders and suddenly the scent of cum is thick in the air, mixing with slick and the palpable scent of their combined arousal.

"Fuck, I didn't know you were gonna bite me."

Hannibal does not release Will's throat, **"You cannot tell me that you do not like it, my fangs being in your neck."** Hannibal moves one hand to the front of Will's pants, lightly pressing against the warm, damp fabric, he's soaking wet and Hannibal intends to taste him there too.

Will purrs and pushes his hips towards Hannibal. "Please." Will whines, dragging the 'e' sound out.

“Please what, mylimasis?”

“Touch me.”

“I am touching you, my love.”

“Hannibal, please, you know that’s not where I want you to touch me.”

Hannibal strokes Will’s cheek with the backs of his fingers, “You don’t want me to touch you here?” He runs the pad of his thumb across Will’s bottom lip, “Or here?” Traces down Will’s jaw with his index finger, strokes his earlobe, tangles his fingers in Will’s hair briefly. “You don’t want me to do this, my love?”

“No, no, I do want you to touch me there, but, but Hannibal,”

Hannibal places his finger over Will’s lips, “Shh, my love, I know.” His tongue darts out to wet his lips, “You want me to touch your cock?” He quirks one eyebrow up in question--he knows the answer of course. “Or perhaps your dripping cunt?” Hannibal internally cringes at himself for using such vulgar terms, but it’s fitting for the situation, and judging by the spike in Will’s heart rate when Hannibal says them, he thinks it’s a safe bet that Will finds it arousing.

Will whines and scrapes his nails down Hannibal’s chest.

Hannibal’s hands move to the waistband of Will’s pants, pulling at the button and the zipper, “Hips up.” He helps Will lift himself up and Hannibal quickly pulls his pants down and lets them slide down his legs to the floor. He pulls Will to the edge of the countertop, hands gripping Will’s hips, fingers pressing into his skin--he wants to leave bruises, not to hurt Will, but as a reminder. Hannibal leans in and licks at the drying blood on Will’s neck. “Up again.” Hannibal pulls Will’s underwear off and lets them drop to the floor too. Will doesn’t like to wear shoes and often-times doesn’t like to wear socks in the house--something that bothered Hannibal at first, but now Hannibal is glad that Will has neither on.

Slick smears across the countertop as Will moves his hips, “I’m feeling a little exposed here, Hannibal, get your pants off **now** .” He bares his fangs then smiles.

“Don’t have an attitude, my love, I’ll have to punish you.”

“Attitude? Me? Never.” Will bites his bottom lip, feigning innocence.

“You have the *worst* attitude, but that is one of the reasons why I love you.” Hannibal’s nostrils flare, “Unbutton my pants.” He doesn’t use his voice to command Will, but his tone says *obey* .

Will’s hands dart to Hannibal’s pants, pulling the button open, tugging the zipper down quickly before he tries to shove them down.

Hannibal grabs his wrists, “I did not tell you to do that.”

“But,”

“No, you need to be good, Will. Listen to me.”

“I am good, I am listening, I just want,”

“I know what you want, and I intend to give it to you.” Hannibal hates interrupting, but Will is going to listen to him and be good now. “Hands on the counter.”

Will’s palms press flat against the smooth countertop.

“Good boy.”

“Now keep them there and don’t move them, unless I say so.”

“But,”

“No, no buts, you need to be good, mylimasis.”

Will nods, “I’ll be good, I will, I promise.”

Hannibal presses a chaste kiss to his lips, “I know you will, you’ll be a good boy for me.” Will’s heart rate spikes again--he really does want to be a *good boy* for Hannibal, he wonders if he can get Will to call him “daddy” again too. “My love?”

“Hmm?”

Hannibal hesitates for a moment--he doesn’t want to ruin the mood but, “Do you want daddy to take care of you?”

Will inhales sharply, “Yes, please.”

“Please, what?”

“Please, daddy, please take care of me, please touch me.” Will’s eyes slip closed partially.

Hannibal drops down to his knees, thankfully he's tall enough and his countertops are just low enough that he's at the perfect height to lick the dripping head of Will's cock, sucking it into his mouth, and easily takes Will's entire length down his throat.

"Oh, fuck, oh, daddy." Will moans and his hips lift upward pressing himself further down Hannibal's throat. Hannibal does not gag, saliva does leak from the corners of his mouth though.

Hannibal's hands go to Will's hips, holding him down. Will's slick coats Hannibal's chin as he deep throats him--he feels filthy in the best way possible, the only thing that could make this moment better would be if Will was covered in the blood of someone they killed together so that Hannibal may taste the carnage and brutality of Will's nature intermixed with the sweet flavor of his slick. He slides one hand down Will's hip, onto his thigh--squeezing as he does so--and finally drags his fingertips between Will's dripping vulva, he slides one finger inside Will while swallowing around Will's cock.

Will whines and Hannibal can hear his claws scratching the smooth surface of the countertop--he'd been thinking of remodeling the kitchen, now he'll have to unless he wants everyone who enters his kitchen to question the claw marks. "Hannibal, please."

Hannibal pulls off of Will's cock, saliva connecting his lower lip to the glistening head, "You'll address me properly, like a good boy, or you won't speak at all."

"I'm sorry, daddy. I'll be good, I promise. I wanna touch you though, let me touch you." Omega's don't have a voice the same way and alpha does, but once bonded an omega gains the ability to use a high-frequency whine that only an alpha can hear, and with that whine, an omega can get their alpha to obey them the same way and alpha can use their voice to command an omega--Will uses that whine as he tells Hannibal that he wants to touch him, and as much as Hannibal tries to resist the whine, he cannot ignore it the same way Will wouldn't be able to ignore an alpha command.

"You want to touch me, where do you want to touch me, mylimasis?"

"Anywhere, everywhere."

"Do you want to touch my throat? Or my shoulders? My chest? Use your words, my love." Hannibal thrusts his finger in and out of Will as he speaks.

"I-I-I wanna pull your hair, and rub my slick all over you. But mostly I want your cock inside me, please, daddy." Will stutters as he speaks, hips twitching and pussy clenching around Hannibal's finger.

"You want to scent mark me with your slick?"

Will nods, "Very badly."

Hannibal pulls his finger out of Will--he whines--and gathers slick on his fingers and wipes it across Will’s chest.

“No, not on me, on you.”

“I know, my love, but I want it on you too.”

“It’s coming out of me, I don’t--I want it on you so you’ll smell like me.” His tone is petulant.

Hannibal takes one of Will’s hands into his own, “Claws away.” He’s unsure how much control Will has over his shifting, perhaps this will help him gain better control. He brings Will’s hand down between his legs, the claws slowly recede, he slides their fingers through slick, gathering it on his and Will’s fingers.

“Daddy.” Will whimpers, “Can I?”

“I am yours to do with, whatever you want, mylimasis.” Hannibal licks his lips and the area surrounding his mouth, cleaning some of Will’s slick off of his face.

Will smiles, and brings their hands up to Hannibal’s chest, smearing slick into his chest hair. His fingers are mostly devoid of any slick by the time Will trails his fingers up to Hannibal’s throat--his fingers are tacky with drying slick as he presses them into the healed bond mark on Hannibal’s neck.

Hannibal feels sticky but doesn’t complain, with each gush of fresh slick from Will, Hannibal can smell his heat coming closer and closer--the thick sweet scent of his arousal and fever drives Hannibal mad. He has not been experiencing any prerut symptoms--they're uncommon but with how intensely his body reacted to Will's heat last time, Hannibal expected *something* . Yet as Will’s fever rises, Hannibal feels his rut coming on quickly--his eyes itch and his knot begins to ache. "Have you sufficiently marked me?" Hannibal lifts Will's legs up onto his shoulder, so his thighs are encasing his head, then slides his finger back inside Will, rubbing at his smooth inner walls.

"More, daddy, please." Will's fingers twist in Hannibal's hair, and the nails of his other hand dig into the bonding mark.

He presses a second finger in while simultaneously leaning forward and licking at Will sticky, dripping hole. Hannibal pumps his fingers quickly, lapping at Will's sweet slick.

Will's thighs tighten around Hannibal's head--like a vice--panting and whining.

Hannibal wraps his fingers around Will's cock, not stroking just applying firm pressure and intermittently rubbing the head with his thumb. Spreads his fingers as he thrusts them and slides his tongue inside Will with them.

"I'm gonna come, daddy, please, can I cum?" Will's thighs tremble and he clenches down around Hannibal's fingers.

"Come for me, my love, come for daddy." He begins stroking Will's cock as he slides a third finger into him.

Will's entire body shudders and shakes, fingernails bite into Hannibal's neck and Hannibal feels hair being pulled from his scalp as Will's climax hits--slick and cum coat Hannibal's hair and face from Will's cock first, before slick and cum gush from his clenching pussy, covering Hannibal's fingers and tongue, flowing down his chin and dripping onto his chest. "Fuck, daddy, Hannibal, I *need* you inside of me, need you to knot me, please."

Hannibal doesn't remember Will producing this much slick and cum during his heat--during medical school, he recalls learning that a true mate pairing can cause the omega to produce excessive amounts of both if the omega is happy and healthy and fertile. It's rare for an omega to become pregnant outside of their heat, but being that Will is technically in preheat impregnation is possible--Hannibal is certainly willing to try. **"Let me stand up."**

Will lets go of Hannibal's throat and hair, whining.

He stands, kisses Will smearing slick and cum all over his face, grabs Will's hips and pulls him to the very edge of the counter, breaks the kiss and pushes Will backward, "Lay, mylimasis."

"Ah, please," Will whines as he lays back onto the cold countertop.

Hannibal can feel how warm Will's skin is now, can see the dark pink flush, smell just how fevered and sweet his scent is. Will isn't truly in heat yet, Hannibal knows that he also knows that by morning Will will be deep into his heat and Hannibal will be in rut.

Will whines again--a high-frequency omega whine--before he starts purring. He shifts his hips towards Hannibal, trying to get Hannibal to enter him.

He thrusts inside Will in one swift, quick motion.

"Fuck, daddy." Will immediately rocks his hips. "C'mon fuck me."

Hannibal doesn't hesitate, pulling out and fucking back into Will--fast and hard--he grips Will's hips to stop him from sliding on the counter. His thighs hit the cabinet fixtures as he fucks into Will--likely he'll have bruises but he honestly doesn't care at all, he wants marks to show his coupling with Will--he welcomes any pain, though he would like it more if it came from Will. He looks down at Will and his eyes are glowing gold, at the sight, Hannibal feels his eyes start burning--turning red. His knot starts to swell.

"Knot me, daddy, please, fuck, breed me." Will whines.

That does it--Will *telling* Hannibal to breed him--his knot swells rapidly, locking them together, hot cum spilling inside Will--Hannibal's cock head pressed against his cervix. **If** Will can get pregnant during his preheat, Hannibal is nearly certain he will be by the time his knot deflates. However, he is one hundred percent certain that barring any unforeseen health problems, he will have impregnated Will by the time his heat ends. His knot prevents him from moving, but Will keeps trying to fuck himself on Hannibal's cock.

"I wanna cum again daddy, make me cum, please, Hannibal."

Hannibal slowly shifts his hips--careful not to hurt Will--his fingers wrap around Will's dripping, flushed length, smearing slick and precum along his shaft--stroking him slowly, he knows Will would prefer fast, but he wants to drag it out. He wants Will to be rendered speechless and boneless with ecstasy.

"Faster."

Hannibal shakes his head, slides his free hand up Will's chest, and pinches at his nipple. "No, mylimasis, you will not tell me what to do."

"Faster, Hannibal." His voice pitches up, but he does not use his omega whine.

He strokes the head of Will's cock with his thumb, twists his wrist as he strokes, "No."

"Daaaddy." He whines--still not the kind Hannibal can't ignore, "Please."

Hannibal abandons Will's nipple, hand sliding further up, fingers wrap around Will's throat. He squeezes, not enough to hurt Will--he would never hurt Will--and relishes the feeling of Will's throat moving beneath his palm. "No, you'll come when I allow you to."

"Hannibal, please." Will's voice is strained as he pushes his throat up against Hannibal's hand.

"We've gone over this, my love, you will be a good boy, or you will not speak or get to come."

Will pushes his hips down towards Hannibal, *"Please, daddy, please let me come."*

His knot has deflated enough that he can safely thrust again--with his rut so close Hannibal's refractory period is mostly non-existent. He releases Will's cock, and grabs the outside of his thigh--hard enough to leave bruises--and slowly rocks in and out of Will's clenching, dripping hole. Slick and Hannibal's semen gush out of Will around Hannibal's cock as he thrusts into Will.

Will's legs wrap around Hannibal's hips and suddenly he grabs Hannibal's shoulders, pulling himself upward, sliding off the countertop--Hannibal's cock still inside of him. "Make me come, alpha." Will whines--an omega whine--in Hannibal's ear.

Hannibal has to quickly release Will's cock and throat to hold him up. Will lifts himself up--using his chimera strength--and rides Hannibal. He backs away from the counter, holding Will, he intends to carry Will to the sofa and make him come there, Will however has other plans it seems, he starts whining and purring in Hannibal's ear, "Oh, daddy, please." He pulls on Hannibal's hair with one hand, claws digging into the flesh of Hannibal's shoulder with the other. They end up with Will's back to the refrigerator door, rocking his hips as Hannibal fucks into him. Will leans in and Hannibal thinks he's going to kiss him, Will ducks his head and attaches his mouth to Hannibal's neck, kissing and sucking and then sinks his teeth in, warm blood flows into his mouth. *"Fuck, I'm gonna come, you taste so good. Can I come, daddy? Please."*

"Come for me, my love."

Will tightens around Hannibal, purring low in his throat, lapping at the blood from the bite mark on Hannibal's neck. Slick and cum coat both of their bellies, and Hannibal's groin and thighs.

He may not have a refractory period for getting hard, his knot however cannot swell again so quickly--he releases a few short, quick bursts of cum into Will.

Will's forehead rests against Hannibal's shoulder, both of them breathing harshly.

After a little while, "I think I'm in heat now."

"Yes, mylimasis, I believe you are."

--

Hannibal called and rearranged all of his appointments for two weeks while Will relaxed in the bath in-between bouts of heat haze.

Will's heat lasts a full seven days, midway through, his heat haze was particularly strong--he was confused and crying and begging for Hannibal to help him.

It broke Hannibal's heart to see his omega so upset, even through his rut-clouded mind, he knew Will wasn't just crying for Hannibal's knot or begging for help from the pain of his heat--it was more than that, it was Will crying for the child they lost, for the way his body was used. Hannibal tried his best to help Will feel better--knotting him and making him cum and whispering confessions of his love and devotion to Will.

--

"How soon can we find out if I'm pregnant?"

"With a traditional urine test, you would need to wait four to six weeks to know. With a blood test at a doctor’s office, we can find out two weeks after your heat has ended."

"So a week longer and we can go get a blood test done?"

"Yes, mylimasis, though I've already begun to notice a change in your scent."

"What?? Hannibal, why didn't you tell me? Why can't I smell it?" Will sputters out, excitement and surprise in his tone.

"I didn't want to get your hopes up, and you cannot smell it because until the child is born their scent is part of your omega scent, which you cannot smell on yourself as you know."

"What does it smell like?"

"It's different this time, my love, there's a creamy somewhat milky undertone mixed with the lilac and lemon balm. That comes from the prolactin hormones that will aid you in lactating and feeding our child."

"So it's not our baby's scent?"

"Will, if I can smell prolactin hormones in your system it's very likely that you are pregnant. Just because the scent is different this time does not mean that.." Hannibal can't bring himself to say it.

"That what, Hannibal? Tell me."

Hannibal shakes his head, "I don't want to upset you."

"Just tell me, please."

"I noticed that same creamy undertone to your scent last time, but with it a subtle orchid scent as well, the lack of another scent makes me worry that the" Hannibal swallows harshly, they are both still is grieving their son, he doesn't want to tell Will that the lack of another scent could mean the pregnancy isn't viable. He can smell the salt of tears welling up in Will's eyes. "I'm sorry, mylimasis."

"Why are you sorry? What aren't you telling me? What does the lack of another scent mean? Please, just tell me."

Hannibal sighs and takes Will's hands into his own and looks into his eyes, "Maybe it's too soon for me to detect the secondary scent, I didn't notice it until shortly before our child was taken from us, though I wasn't *trying* to smell a change in your scent as I am now. Perhaps my nose just cannot detect it yet. But I'm afraid that the lack of secondary scent could mean that the pregnancy isn't viable."

"Isn't viable? You mean it won't grow?"

"It could be an anembryonic gestation, meaning the cells stop developing. But please, my love, do not be upset by this, we don't know yet. We can go next week and have a blood test done and a transvaginal ultrasound if you want that."

Will pulls his hands from Hannibal's grasp and places his palms flat on his belly--as if he's trying to feel life within his womb. "Our baby could be okay though?"

Hannibal places his hand over Will's, "Yes, absolutely."

"You'll tell me if you notice any more changes to my scent before then, right?"

"If anything changes I will tell you. Will, I want this as much as you do."

"I know, I'm just so afraid, I don't want another headstone in the mausoleum with our child's name on it."

"I cannot promise you that, but I will do everything I am capable of to make sure that does not happen." Hannibal presses a chaste kiss to the corner of Will's mouth, "Aš tave myliu."

--

Will had insisted they go to a reputable ob/gyns office with a female doctor--alpha, beta or omega didn't matter to him--after what happened with Sutcliffe, Will was afraid of going to see a male doctor, especially an alpha one..

Their appointment is set for mid-morning Wednesday, as it approaches Hannibal tries to catch even a hint of something else in Will's scent but it doesn't happen. He tries not to let Will see or feel his apprehension.

The waiting room is quite plain, soft ecru colored walls, soft blue seat cushions, and light

wood tones--meant to soothe an omega. Minimal artwork on the walls, but plenty of magazines and books for expecting parents. Hannibal sort of hated the place, it was *too* light and soft for his tastes.

“Will Graham.” A nurse calls out Will’s name, they both stand and follow her to the exam room.

The room is decorated similarly to the waiting room, though the exam table is plush pleather in a deep burgundy shade--more suited to an alpha’s preferred color palette.

The nurse takes Will’s vitals, asks a few questions such as when his last heat was and a question that neither of them *knows* the answer to--an approximate number of how many times Will had been knotted during his heat--they guess at least fifteen or twenty times. “I know for a fact that a minimum of four times when I knotted him, I could *feel* his cervix.”

The nurse hums and writes something onto the chart, “Go into the room through the attached door, and once you fill the sample cup place it behind the metal door. Then the phlebotomist will be in shortly to take the blood sample and then the doctor will be in to do the exam afterward. There is a gown there for you to change into before the doctor comes in.” The nurse drops the chart into the basket on the wall outside the door before closing the door to leave them to wait.

The blood draw goes smoothly--with Will squeezing Hannibal’s hand. “The urinalysis test will come back first, but it shouldn’t be more than an hour to get the blood test results back.” The door clicks shut behind her, and Will lets out a breath that Hannibal hadn’t noticed he was holding.

“Are you okay, mylimasis?”

“Just nervous.”

Hannibal takes Will’s hand into his and brings it to his mouth, kissing each knuckle, “As am I, but remember no matter what the outcome of today, it will be okay, and I will still love you.”

Will nods, “I know, I love you too, I just really, really want this.”

“I know,”

Hannibal is interrupted by a swift knock on the door before it opens to reveal the doctor, a short woman with blonde hair and honey-colored eyes, “Hello, I’m Dr. Josephine Whalen, it’s great to meet you.” She extends her hand to Will and then Hannibal.

“First things first, I have the results from the urinalysis, if you’d like them.”

“Please, now,” Will says impatiently.

“Being that it’s only been two weeks since your heat, the level of hCG in your urine is low,

but definitely there. The blood test will confirm with one hundred percent certainty, but let me be the first to congratulate you on your pregnancy."

"Oh, Hannibal." Will's immediately crying, his hand is still in Hannibal's, he yanks him forward, to the point Hannibal nearly falls on top of him.

Hannibal wraps his free arm around Will.

Dr. Whalen performs a physical exam on Will, first checking his breasts--his chest is still completely flat but eventually will swell a small amount to accommodate Will's breast milk--for any lumps or abnormalities.

"I'd like to perform a pelvic exam to check your cervix if that's alright."

"Of course, anything to make sure our baby is okay."

Hannibal holds Will's hand as the exam happens.

"I don't like this, Hannibal, whatever that thing is that she put in me is cold and uncomfortable."

"I'm sorry, my love, I can't imagine a speculum would be comfortable. It will be over soon."

"Everything looks good, your cervix is a healthy pink and soft."

"Dr. Whalen, I would never attempt to tell you how to do your job or anything, but I'd like to request a transvaginal ultrasound. It will help ease both of our minds."

"You can schedule it with the receptionist, but you realize you'll have to wait until at least five weeks before then you won't be able to see much, and if you'd like reassurance by seeing the heartbeat, it won't show up before five weeks."

"I'll go see if the blood work is back yet." She smiles softly before leaving the room.

"She said the hormones are there, that our baby is okay."

"I'm not trying to upset you or anything, but I think I will curb my excitement until after the ultrasound. I would like to see our child's heartbeat first."

Will nods, "Okay, I understand that. I hope everything is going to be okay, I shouldn't get so excited though, right?"

"No, mylimasis, you can be excited, but know that there is still a possibility that something could be wrong, I very much doubt anything is, but I'm trying to be rational."

They sit in the exam room in tense silence for about fifteen minutes before the doctor comes back in, "Your hCG levels are quite high in your blood, again congratulations. I've written a

prescription for prenatal vitamins, you can pick it up at the front desk when you schedule your ultrasound."

Hannibal helps Will get dressed and they go schedule the ultrasound and pick up the prescription. They have it filled then head home.

They don't talk much after leaving the doctor's office, and Hannibal worries he's upset Will.

The following three weeks are filled with a lot of silence and tense moments.

--

"Will, my love, I am sorry if you are upset with me. It was never my intention to upset you, I didn't want to get my hopes up for something bad to happen."

Will shakes his head, "I'm not upset with you, I'm just.. I'm conflicted, I want to be happy, I want our child to be okay, but you're right, I shouldn't get so excited yet. You can't smell our child's scent, and I know I didn't realize I was pregnant last time, but thinking back I-I-I *felt* something then, something I don't feel this time."

Hannibal pulls Will into his arms and kisses the top of his head--breathing in as much of Will's scent as possible, "It's going to be okay, my love, I told you it may just be too soon for my nose to detect anything. We'll go to the ultrasound appointment soon and everything will be okay."

--

"I'm scared."

"I know you are you, my love, I'm sorry."

"No, I mean I'm scared for what we may find out, but I'm more so scared about the actual ultrasound.. It's called transvaginal for a reason, right? They're going to put something inside me?"

"Yes, they are, but I will be right by your side, I'll hold your hand and stroke your face if you'd like. I won't leave you alone."

"Thank you, Hannibal." Will changes into a gown again, and climbs up onto the table, gripping Hannibal's hand tight enough to cut off Hannibal's circulation.

The ultrasound technician explains the process and begins the ultrasound. Will only tenses up for a moment before being settled by Hannibal's touch.

The screen lights up, all dark with fuzzy gray and white shapes appearing. She points out each individual thing, this is the cervix and this is that and so on, but all Hannibal can focus

on is the tiny fluttering spot--their child’s heartbeat.

“And here you’ll see a small flutter, that is your baby’s heartbeat.” Will starts crying--fat, happy tears--and Hannibal has tears clouding his vision.

“It’s healthy?”

“Appears to be, yes. All measurements are good, right on track for six weeks.”

"Six weeks? How can it be six weeks? My heat ended five weeks ago."

"I'm not a doctor per se, but I've been doing this for a long time and I can say with certainty that you're six weeks along, not five. I think your doctor is free now if you wanted to discuss it with her."

"That won't be necessary, thank you." Will looks at him like he's crazy, but doesn't question Hannibal, yet.

The technician prints them a few pictures and even puts the entire ultrasound onto a disc that they can watch later.

--

"Our baby is healthy, and six weeks old.. how is that possible, Hannibal? Why didn't you want to talk to the doctor about it?"

"Yes, my love, our child is flourishing in your belly. I suspect that you became pregnant during preheat, it's uncommon but possible." Hannibal's hand has been resting on Will's stomach since they arrived home from the ultrasound. "Your body will nourish and protect our child, and I will protect you, nothing is going to happen to you this time, Will."

"You think you knocked me up in the kitchen, seems fitting for you." Will laughs lightly. "We need to kill Mason, very soon."

"If our child is measuring a week ahead it is definitely plausible that you did become pregnant in the kitchen. And I would not put you or our child in harm's way."

"You're very potent than, my alpha. You said after my heat we would hunt together, let us hunt **him** together. Let me taste his blood between my teeth and eliminate the threat."

"Perhaps, though I suspect it is your womb that was so inviting that brought forth our child. I know, my love, I know, I want to hunt with you and I had every intention of taking you with me after your heat but we were focused on finding out if you were pregnant and now that I know you are," Hannibal strokes at Will's belly with his hand, "Now that I know you carry our child, I don't want to do anything that could hurt you. I want to protect you."

"But, Hannibal, so long as Mason is still out there, he can come after me and our child. He did so before and he'll do so again."

"Will, how did Mason know you were pregnant if you didn't know?"

"I don't really remember what happened, but I remember there being an ultrasound machine there, he said something about the pigs."

"He performed an ultrasound on you and saw our child?"

"He wasn't even there, Cordell did it and then reported to Mason and then he had Cordell inject me with the medicine that took our child."

"Oh, my love, I'm so sorry, did you see the screen?"

"Just the edge, it was dark and fuzzy and I was so fucking out of it.. I wish I had seen our child, but maybe it's better this way, maybe not seeing Sébastien is a good thing."

"Seeing him would've made the pain you experienced even worse, small mercies."

"Mason needs to die for what he did to us and to Margot."

"And he will, he will die after our child is born."

"No, I will not risk another of our children's lives by letting him live. If you won't help me, I will call Margot on my own and kill him myself."

"You will do no such thing. Will, please,"

Will interrupts angrily, "No, Hannibal I won't lose another child to Mason Verger. Please, don't make me wait. As long as he lives our child is at risk."

"I need to know you are safe. There is no guarantee that the sedatives Margot gives to Mason will render him helpless."

"I will be safe, you will be there to protect me and besides I won't be drugged this time. Hannibal, I will do anything you ask of me except for this. He cannot get away again."

Hannibal sighs, perhaps Will is right. Hannibal will be there to protect him, and he will not be on sedatives and he is chimera, perhaps everything will be fine. "Okay, okay, mylimasis, but you must be extremely cautious. And if I say so you must get behind me and let me protect you."

"I will, but Hannibal, I don't know if I will be able to ignore my instincts as a chimera, we're very protective of our mates and if you're threatened I won't be able to ignore it, I'll do anything to defend you." Will pauses and shakes his head, "You may need to use your voice on me."

"I told you I wouldn't."

"But to keep us safe, you must."

Hannibal had promised Will that he would not use his voice to force Will into anything, but to keep him and their child safe he would use it if need be. "If it becomes necessary then I will use it."

"Hannibal?" Will smiles as he speaks, all the anger and upset has left him.

"Yes, mylimasis?"

"When do you think my belly will begin to swell and show our child?"

"Likely not until after the twelfth week." Hannibal presses his fingertips lightly against Will's belly, "Our child will thrive inside your womb and soon present themself to us, before you know it you'll be feeling little flutters and then kicks."

"Now that I know our child is there and is growing, it's almost as if I can *feel* their life within me, I probably sound crazy."

"No, mylimasis, you do not sound crazy, you sound like a happy expectant omega, and that makes me a very happy alpha."

Will purrs and nuzzles his face into Hannibal's neck. *"I love you, my alpha."*

Hannibal smiles, rubbing gently at Will's abdomen with one hand and his back with the other. **"And I love you, my omega."**

--

Three days later they receive a frantic phone call from Margot.

"Margot, please you need to calm down."

"He tried to rape me, I fought back, I-I-I don't know if he's still breathing."

"We're on our way, please try to calm down."

Hannibal had placed their plastic suits, the cleaning supplies, and any weapons they may need into the trunk of the Bentley, that morning--they had planned on enacting their plan with Margot on Saturday, it's now only Tuesday, but Hannibal had wanted to be prepared.

They had decided to take the Bentley, despite Hannibal wanting to steal a car, they'd discussed it with Margot and determined that if anyone questioned why the Bentley was there, they could simply say Hannibal either came to check on his patient--Margot--or he came to speak with Mason about the omega he'd purchased a few months ago.

Will stays on the phone with Margot for the entire drive, trying to soothe her. Hannibal drives quickly, but not so much that they're noticed by any police officers--it wouldn't look good to be pulled over with murder supplies in your trunk.

The gate is opened and the security booth empty upon their arrival, Margot tells them that Mason has fired them all after he caught one fucking an omega in heat the day before. Hannibal wouldn't have thought Mason would've cared about that much but Will tells him that Mason didn't mind letting his security men rape the omegas as long as they paid first.

They find Margot in her bedroom upstairs, blood still on her hands and all over her room.

"Where is he?"

"There's so much blood."

"Yes, Margot, there is but we can clean it. Now I'll ask again, where is he?"

"In there." She points one shaking hand to what Hannibal assumes is a closet or bathroom.

"Can you hear his heartbeat?"

"No, I cannot."

"Will, take Margot downstairs and get her cleaned up, I'll check on our problem."

"Okay, c'mon, Margot, let's go get you cleaned up." Will gently touches Margot's arm and leads her out of the room.

Hannibal waits until he hears them reach the bottom of the stairs before opening the door Margot pointed to.

Mason is in the bathtub, steadily bleeding from what appears to be a stab wound to his lower left side, there is also a considerable amount of blood pooling--or perhaps coming from Mason's groin. Inside the room Hannibal **can** hear Mason's heartbeat, it's shallow and slow--he'll die from shock and blood loss quite soon, but Hannibal had promised Will a chance at his revenge.

They haven't tried to telepathically speak when not in the same room, Hannibal hopes it will work.

"Will, my love, can you hear me?"

No response, so he tries again, and again and finally Will answers him. *"Yes, I can hear you. Margot is inconsolable, she's saying she wants to call the police, tell them it was self-defense."*

"Mason lives, but not for long. If you want revenge then convince her not to call the police."

"She told me that after he tried to rape her, she got the semen from him, and then she, fuck Hannibal, she says she stabbed him in the balls."

"You need to decide now, Will. Either you come up here and kill him before he bleeds out or you let her call the police and we leave."

"I want revenge, I do, but.. maybe it's better if we let her call them, it truly was self-defense."

"Whatever you want, mylimasis."

"She wants us to stay."

"We cannot. If we are here when the police arrive it will look suspicious, especially after telling them that you were having an affair with Mason, they will think I killed him."

"We can't just leave her."

"We must, or we must go through with our original plan."

"You can leave, I'll stay.. say I-I came to see my friend because she was upset."

"No, you will go home with me, now.."

"Did you seriously just try to use your voice on me, telepathically? What the fuck, Hannibal?"

"Will, please. I'm sorry."

"Don't use your voice on me."

"I'm sorry, my love. I don't want us to be separated, and if the police arrive with us still here they will think I killed him and they will take me to jail."

"You won't, Hannibal, she'll tell them what happened, you won't be arrested, ma moitié, please."

"Mylimasis, my love, please do not separate us. I know you believe that the police believe Margot, but they will know the history and see the evidence and it will all point to me. William, please."

"You truly believe that?"

"Yes, my love, I know it."

A few moments pass in silence, Hannibal can hear Mason's heart slowing in the next room, and he can faintly hear Will and Margot downstairs but cannot understand what they're saying.

"I've convinced her to let us leave, I told her about the baby, she doesn't want anything to happen to our child."

"I'll be down momentarily."

Hannibal picks up the bag with their tools and suits inside it--he'd left the cleaning supplies in the trunk until after--glances into the bathroom at the mess that is Mason Verger, "You deserved worse." And exits the room, quickly descending the stairs.

"I'm truly sorry you couldn't complete the plan."

"No, Margot, it's alright. Just remember you cannot tell anyone about that."

"No, no of course not."

Hannibal follows their voices and finds them in the same bathroom Hannibal had broken into while looking for Will.

"Are you both alright?"

"We're fine, Hannibal, how is he?"

"His heart slows as we speak. Margot, what will you tell the police?"

"The truth.. that Mason came to my room, he was very angry. He touched my breast and when I pushed his hand away he slapped me, he threatened me, pulled at my pants, told me he was going to fuck me to remind me of my place, I grabbed the knife from his belt--he uses it on the pigs, I grabbed it off his belt and stabbed him in the side and then I stabbed him in his balls--he took away the ability to have children from me, so I took it from him."

"Fitting, he took her fertility, she took his--he took our child and she rendered him unable to have one if he'd have lived.."

"You're satisfied with this ending for him?"

"I wanted to rip his throat out and watch him die.. but yes, I'm satisfied. Margot got her revenge.. and ours."

"If you're sure, my love."

"I'm sure, now please, take me home."

"Margot, I need you to wait at least ten minutes after we leave before calling the police."

"Oh yes, of course."

"Actually, I could call them."

"Will?"

"Once we are safely away from the estate, I can mimic Margot's voice."

"Would that be okay, Margot?"

"Oh, um yes. That's fine. But what should I be doing.. where should I be when they arrive?"

"Right here, stay in this bathroom so they don't question why you washed your hands.. tell them you were afraid and wanted to get his blood off of you, tell them to call your psychiatrist if they need any further proof of abuse, I don't know everything Margot but I know enough from what you've told me."

"Thank you, both of you, I didn't mean for it to happen this way, but I'm glad it did, because now we'll all be safe, and your baby will not be at risk of Mason's jealousy, because that's what it was.. he was jealous of what you have--not the relationship, the uh dynamics. He wanted an omega to *play* with, and to breed."

"He has cages filled with omegas.. why would he want me?"

"Because you challenged him, you attacked him and he wanted that defiance so that he would be justified in disciplining you. Mason was a cruel and sick man who wanted money more than anything. He knew you could bring in a lot.. I don't know the specifics of why or whatever but once Mason sold you he had his money but he wanted you back."

"He offered me the chance to *refund* Will."

"He's never offered that before.. he wanted the payout and, his words, not mine, the bitch. You know before our father died, Mason was horrible, but after.. he became so much worse. I thought I hated then," Margot shakes her head, "I didn't know what hate was until the first time he touched me. I didn't think I would feel bad once Mason was dead, and I don't, but I will miss having a family until my heir is born at least."

"Who will carry your child, Margot?"

"Alana Bloom."

"Did you meet at the funeral?"

"Actually we met outside your office a few months ago, we've been seeing each other for a while now."

"Did Mason know?"

"He suspected, but didn't know for sure."

"I'm sure you and Alana will make a fine family." Hannibal could've never guessed that one of his patients and one of his colleagues would become romantically evolved, but good for them--Margot and Alana both deserve happiness. "We really must go now, they may question why you waited so long to call, you must act frightened and confused so they believe you are in shock."

"Of course, yes. Would it be alright if I call you both in a few days?"

"Perhaps we can have dinner together after your session Monday?" Hannibal offers.

"Oh, that sounds lovely, would it be alright if I invite Alana as well?"

"She's more than welcome, right, Hannibal?"

"Yes, she is. Now we'll leave and Will will call the police shortly, stay here and be ready Margot. Drop your cell phone into the toilet so they won't be able to see that the call did not come from you."

Margot nods and drops her phone into the water. "Keep that baby safe, Will." She calls out as they exit the bathroom and move towards the front door.

--

They get about a mile from the Verger estate when Hannibal hands Will a burner cell phone he keeps in the car in case he needs to divert police attention when hunting, "Call now."

It's unsettling to hear Margot’s voice coming from Will's mouth.

"I need help, my brother attacked, I stabbed him, I-I-I don't know if he's breathing." Will sounds frantic and scared--perfect for what they need. Will tells the dispatch operator the Verger estate's address, he stays on the phone until they spot the first police car coming towards them--lights flashing rapidly and siren blaring. He *accidentally* hangs up the phone and then tosses it out the window--it smashes to pieces on the asphalt.

"Well done, mylimasis."

"That felt strange, I've never used vocal mimicry before."

"I'm just glad you are able to control and utilize your abilities. I am very proud of you, my love."

Will purrs softly, "You're proud of me?"

"Very proud, you've done very well."

"Thank you, alpha." Will's purr increases in volume--Hannibal smiles the rest of the way home, pleased that Will is happy and healthy and safe, as is their child. Hannibal wasn't lying, he is proud of Will, and how well he's handling everything. How he chose to let his own vendetta go and allow Margot to call the police and Mason's death be ruled self-defense--Hannibal had wanted to kill Mason, had wanted to help Will kill Mason, but this way there was no risk to either of them or their child, and for that fact alone Hannibal is proud of Will's decisions.

--

Hannibal prepares coratella con carciofi--purple artichokes with *lamb's* liver, lungs and heart--at least they tell Margot and Alana it's lamb, in actuality the liver, lungs, and heart come from Dr. Donald Sutcliffe. Will had been restless after not killing Mason, the day after he had ridden Hannibal's cock and begged his alpha to take him hunting--how could Hannibal resist?

--

Hannibal had called Sutcliffe and asked him over for dinner to discuss Will, he'd told him that he had some questions regarding omega biology and brain function that he thought Donald could help with--he assured him that Will wouldn't have an attitude with him as he had before.

Sutcliffe had agreed happily, stating that he still wanted to study Hannibal's omega.

He came over Friday evening upon entering their home, Hannibal offered him a glass of wine--laced with sedatives. Sutcliffe drained his glass faster than Hannibal anticipated and then a second, with how quickly he imbibed the alcohol in combination with the sedatives took effect rather fast--he never even realized that Hannibal wasn't cooking anything.

Once he was drowsy and confused Hannibal led him to the basement, told him he needed help picking out another bottle of wine--Sutcliffe followed him without question.

Will waited in the basement for them, he stayed in the shadows until Hannibal called to him. He led Donald to a stainless steel table and pushed him down onto it, "What the fuck, are you doing?" Sutcliffe slurred, trying to push himself up.

Hannibal pulled the straps up and fastened him to the table, he then picked up a pair of trauma shears and cut Donald's clothing off, leaving him in just his underwear--neither wanted to see him completely bare.

"Come out, mylimasis, help me harvest."

They put their plastic suits on and Hannibal picked up a scalpel holding it out to Will, "Would you like to make the first cut, my love?"

"You'll help me?"

Hannibal smiled, "Absolutely."

Will stepped up to the table, Hannibal behind him. Scalpel in hand Will hesitated, "I'm not sure how to do this."

Hannibal's hand covered Will's, helping him grip the scalpel properly, chest pressed flush against Will's back, hand not holding the scalpel wrapped around his waist, palm covering his stomach, fingers spread--protecting their child. "We need his liver, lungs, and heart to all stay intact, the rest is up to you." He moved their hands down towards Sutcliffe's struggling body--he's sedated enough that his movements are sluggish. The scalpel sliced through the flesh of Sutcliffe's upper right side--they'll harvest his liver first.

"Oh, it's smoother than I thought it would be."

"Cutting through flesh can be difficult at times, though if the blade is sharp enough it can be as smooth as butter." Hannibal intoned as they removed the organ quickly and efficiently.

Hannibal took note of when Sutcliffe stopped struggling and his heart stopped. "He's dead."

"I know, I was listening to his heartbeat get slower and slower. Hannibal, I've taken **another** life--it feels good, it never felt good before."

"Killing with someone you love can make the experience pleasurable--perhaps even arousing."

Will pressed his ass against Hannibal's groin, "You find killing and mutilation arousing?" Hannibal knew Will could feel the bulge of his cock as it slowly hardened despite the layers of cloth and plastic covering his body.

"No, I find you arousing, mylimasis." Hannibal pressed his hips against Will's ass.

"Well then help me finish this and then I can show you just how arousing I find you too."

Hannibal pressed his nose into Will's hair, breathing in as much of his scent as he could. "Well then, let's get back to work."

They sliced him open from sternum to navel, peeled back his flesh, cracked his ribs, and then with more than a little help removed his lungs and heart. And then Hannibal gave Will free reign of the body, Will sliced and ripped Sutcliffe apart, though his cuts were sporadic, they were careful, he made sure that he didn't *ruin* any of the meat.

Once Will was done, Hannibal had cut chunks from Sutcliffe's body, steaks, and smaller bits that he would grind to appear as if it was hamburger and then larger cuts he would use as roasts. He placed Sutcliffe's head in a trash bag, he would dispose of it later. Bones and bits of flesh were spread across the basement.

Once the meat they were keeping was properly put away, Hannibal turned to Will, "My love?"

Will's gloved hands were sliding through Sutcliffe's blood, "Hannibal."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to resist the urge to rub his blood all over myself and you."

Hannibal's mouth watered at the thought--he'd wanted to cover Will in the blood of someone they killed together since the beginning. Hannibal stepped closer to Will. "Does that arouse you?"

Will didn't speak but nodded then he lifted his hand and stroked Hannibal's cheek, smearing blood across his skin. Will pulled at the zipper of Hannibal's plastic suit, divesting him

hastily.

He wanted to be angry at Will for getting blood on his expensive inner suit, but as soon as Will pulled the zipper of his own suit down and the scent of his slick and arousal hit Hannibal all anger dissipated rather instantaneously. Will pushed Hannibal's jacket off, ripped his shirt open throwing buttons all over, shoved his trousers and boxers-briefs down, smearing blood all over Hannibal's body before he pushed him backward onto the slick steel table where pieces of Sutcliffe still laid--tacky half-dried blood and viscera coated the surface.

"Will?" He questioned, what exactly was Will planning?

He didn't respond, but quickly stripped himself and climbed atop the table with Hannibal, straddling him, dripping slick all over his skin. What surprised Hannibal most was Will sinking down onto his hardened length without warning. His hands had become wet with blood again as he climbed up, sticky palms pressed flat against Hannibal's chest for leverage as he rocked his hips, moaning and whining.

Hannibal's hand slid through blood and bits of flesh, he brought them up to rub blood onto Will's chest, stomach and finally he gripped his hips leaving bloody handprints--helping to lift him up and back down on his cock, he growled low, rumbling deep within his chest as Will rode him. The sensation of Sutcliffe's blood drying against the skin on his back was uncomfortable as each shift in movement Hannibal made caused the blood to stick him to the table--it felt as if he was peeling his skin off.

Will reached his climax rather quickly, nails biting into Hannibal's chest, clenching tight around Hannibal, cum and slick shooting thickly across Hannibal's chest--mixing with the blood Will had smeared there--without either of them touching his cock. "Oh, fuck, ah, ah, Hannibal." He whined as he came.

He pulled Will's hips down onto him, holding him still, grunting and growling as he released deep inside of Will.

Will fell forward, into his own mess, kissed Hannibal breathlessly then spoke, "I'm sorry I made such a mess."

"I've told you before, do not apologize for following your instincts." Hannibal kissed Will again, "We've hunted together now, my love. Would you join me for a shower and then help me prepare dinner, I'll let you select the cut of meat we cook."

"A shower sounds very nice--if you'll carry me there. I am ravenous, anything you cook for me will be satisfying, though I think perhaps our child would like a nice steak.. cooked the way daddy made it for me when I was in heat." They both knew the baby couldn't have possibly known how Hannibal cooked a steak for Will during his heat--if Will had been pregnant at the time he wouldn't have been in heat, but he enjoys the sentiment of Will wanting Hannibal to cook something that made them both incredibly happy.

"I would carry you anywhere, my love. But I think we'll rinse off in the shower then I will run you a bath and you can relax while I cook for you."

"I like the sound of that."

--

The conversation during dinner is pleasant, Margot and Alana recount how they met and their subsequent first date--it's a sweet tale that makes Hannibal think about taking Will out somewhere nice.

After dinner, Margot brings up the subject of Mason, and everyone tenses involuntarily. Hannibal has no idea how much Margot told Alana about what happened, but the blasé way she brings it up Hannibal can only assume she told her that Mason attacked her it was self-defense.

Their conversation during Margot’s therapy session earlier in the day strayed from the topic of Mason, despite Hannibal trying to steer it that way. Margot had insisted on talking about how they'd artificially inseminated Alana the day after Mason died, and how things looked very promising but they wouldn't know for a few weeks if Alana was actually pregnant. Luckily there was enough of Mason's sperm they could try again if she wasn't. Margot had researched how to properly store semen for artificial insemination and found that a lot of the things she would need they already had on the farm--for the pigs, but Mason *was* a pig so it didn't matter.

"I'm glad to be rid of him, but now it falls to me to auction off the omegas.. I've already fixed up their living conditions, given them clothes and better food, let them have free roam of the barns outside of their cages, but I'm unsure I want to keep them.. keep doing the auctions."

"You wish to free them?"

"I know a lot of them have been conditioned by Mason and his men to be afraid and only expect an alpha to buy them, but yes. I think setting them free would be best. Some of them still have families out there who only sold them to Mason because they were struggling. I would like them reunited if possible."

"I think it's a wonderful idea, honey." Alana says sweetly, "Omega's deserve better lives than what Mason has given them."

"That is a very good idea, Margot, though it will be difficult, I'm sure you will be able to handle it, of course, if you need any help, Will and I are just a call away."

"Was that supposed to be a joke? If you need any help, call us.. you're not funny."

"I found it amusing."

"Of course you did, Hannibal," Will smirks at Hannibal from his seat on the sofa next to Margot--he'd felt drawn to her in some way, maybe from their shared experiences.. Margot losing a child and her fertility to Mason's wrath and Will losing a child to Mason's wrath.. they were *bonded* by that.

The conversation continues about how Margot will proceed and then shifts to Alana and the artificial insemination. Hannibal notices he can't smell the same creamy scent on Alana that he can on Will--perhaps because it is so soon for her? Alana is also a beta--she lacks a subgender scent but Hannibal should still be able to smell the child she carries--eventually.

"You're not paying attention, where did you go?"

"I apologize, I was thinking about our child. I can't say definitively that I can smell them, but there is a hint of cinnamon to your scent."

"What? Cinnamon? You can smell our child?"

"Yes, cinnamon, I noticed it this evening, it's subtle but reminds me of the first time I tasted your slick--it was sweet and tasted of lilac and lemon balm but there was a third flavor, something that tasted spicy like cloves."

"I have a spicy scent? Why have you never told me?"

"You do not have a spicy scent, I cannot detect it with my nose, only when I taste your slick does the spice become apparent. But it seems our child has inherited your spice. I can't say for certain, but I believe the spice comes from you being chimera."

"If our child is scenting spicy to you.. do you think that means they are chimera too?"

"Does that frighten you? I'll admit I don't know all the specifics of your species but it's a very real possibility that any child we have will be chimera. It's basic genetics. The child gets your genes and mine.. which win depends on dominant or recessive genes."

"I hadn't thought about it, but yes, it does frighten me a little bit."

"Why? Our child will be strong like you, possess incredible abilities, and be able to protect themselves better."

"Being a chimera isn't always easy.. especially when you're young and when you present your subgender. The chimera instincts cause you to be more aggressive during presentation and

that makes an already confusing, scary situation even worse. Hannibal, I don't want our child to be afraid like I was."

"They will not be, you were on that farm when you presented, isolated despite the omegas surrounding you, we will be here for our child when they present, we will help them through it the way you should've been helped."

"This still scares me."

"It will be okay, mylimasis. We have a long time to get used to it and even longer to figure out how best to help our child when they present."

"I guess you're right.. we'll figure it out." Will has begun to purr softly neither Margot nor Alana can hear it, but Hannibal certainly can.

"I intend to have all the omega's reunited with their families or relocated by this time next year, do you think that's possible, Hannibal? And what about potential counseling for the omegas, are there any psychiatrists you could recommend? Alana has already made a list, but I would like your input as well."

Neither Hannibal nor Will had been paying attention to what Margot was saying, but Hannibal quickly interjects himself back into the conversation at the mention of his name.

"I think it's definitely possible, I'll admit I cannot think of any off the top of my head but if you give me some time, I'm sure I can put together a respectable list of doctors."

Margot thanks him and jumps right back into gushing about her and Alana's potential child. They've already decided the baby will be called Morgan, and they're praying like hell that their child is a boy.

The night drags on longer than Hannibal would've liked, they say goodnight to their guests at nearly eleven-thirty.

Hannibal can see and feel how exhausted Will is, Hannibal leads him up the stairs to their bedroom, slowly strips him, kissing his way down Will's throat and chest, stopping on his soft lower belly--it hasn't begun to fill out yet but will soon--Hannibal kisses at the warm flesh, nuzzles his nose against it and whispers, "Gerai pailsėk, vaikeli, mes tave mylim."

That night they fall asleep with Hannibal's hand covering Will's stomach, and his nose pressed into his hair.

--

Will starts experiencing morning sickness around week eight, he's nauseous, dry heaving, and throwing up at random times throughout the day and night, but the worst of it hits him around four am every morning.

Week nine comes and it's more of the same, morning sickness and much to Hannibal's upset a decrease in appetite.

Will wakes up around two-thirty am on a Sunday morning--much earlier than normal, he's ten weeks and three days, he carefully counts off each day in his head, keeping track of each day their child is growing inside of him. When he wakes up something feels *off* , he doesn't just feel sick to his stomach--his belly aches and not in a throwing up way.

Hannibal has grown accustomed to Will climbing out of bed early in the morning and spending a while in the bathroom before climbing back into bed with him, so when Will gets up, Hannibal barely moves.

He makes his way to the bathroom, shutting the door with a soft click, before turning the light on. He sits down on the toilet thinking that maybe he'll feel better afterward. His stomach only hurts worse as he sits there--he thinks maybe he should wake Hannibal up.

Will starts screaming when he sees blood in his boxers-briefs, "Hannibal! Hannibal help!"

--

Hannibal is woken up to Will's frantic screams, he jumps out of bed and rushes into the bathroom, he finds Will screaming and sobbing sitting on the toilet.

"What's wrong? What's going on? Are you hurt?" He tries to remain calm but he can feel how panicked Will is.

"I d-d-don't know, Hannibal, help!" Hannibal can barely understand Will through the sobs.

Hannibal moves closer to Will, he can smell blood, his heart sinks. "Tell me what happened." He urges, placing his hands on Will's bare shoulders--hoping his touch will soothe him.

"M-my stomach hurts, and I thought it was just morning sickness, but there's blood. I c-ca-can't lose another baby."

"I'll get you some clothes, get dressed and we will go to the emergency room." Hannibal doesn't wait for a reply, he gets Will a pair of socks, soft cotton sweatpants, a sweater with Hannibal's scent on it and a pair of maternity underwear.

Upon reentering the bathroom he retrieves a postpartum sanitary pad from under the sink before approaching Will. "Here, let me help you."

Will's entire body shakes as Hannibal lifts his arms and pulls the sweater over his head. "I'm scared."

Hannibal's heart breaks at the sound of Will's voice--the pain and fear in his tone. "I know, mylimasis, I am as well, but we won't know what's wrong until we see a doctor so let's get you dressed." He pulls Will's underwear down, trying not to look at the streaks of red on the white fabric. He helps Will get the underwear on, and place the pad inside. He leaves the

underwear around Will's knees and moves to pull the socks onto his feet. Once the socks are on he helps Will stand and pull the underwear up, then he helps him step into the sweatpants and pulls them up as well. "Head down and get your shoes and coat on, I'll be down momentarily."

Will sniffles, tears streaming down his face as he leaves the room and goes downstairs.

He dresses hastily, not caring what he's putting on. He rushes down the stairs, grabs his coat and slips on a pair of Italian leather loafers.

He takes Will's hand and leads him out to the car, he helps Will buckle his seat belt before climbing inside the Bentley.

He drives quickly to John's Hopkins emergency department, he parks and helps Will walk inside, "Does it still hurt?"

"Not as much, no."

Unsurprisingly the nurse is the same one that had been there when Hannibal had brought Will in last time, though this time what Hannibal says is actually true--no lies, no chemicals coursing through Will's system. "Patient is a male, omega, age twenty, I believe he might be experiencing a first-trimester miscarriage." Thankfully Hannibal isn't carrying an unconscious, profusely bleeding Will this time.

Will whimpers beside him, clutching Hannibal's hand tight enough that Hannibal worries bones may crack.

The intake nurse brings them back, "He's been a patient here before for the same thing?" It sounds more like a statement than a question--judging almost.

"Yes, he has but those were different circumstances. Please, he needs testing done and an ultrasound."

She pretty much ignores Hannibal, taking Will's vitals, asking him questions that he doesn't want to answer, or is even coherent enough to answer.

"Hannibal, please make her do the ultrasound. I need to know."

"Can you just get to the ultrasound, please?" Hannibal tries to be nice.

She still ignores him and instead calls down for a phlebotomist. "After we take blood then we'll get an ultrasound technician in here."

"Can we kill her?"

'Not now, my love."

Thankfully the woman who comes to take Will's blood is pleasant, she doesn't ask any questions and speaks softly.

They wait for what seems like hours, but it is only twenty-five minutes after the blood draw for the ultrasound technician to come in.

"This is going to be a bit cold, I'm sorry." She has Will lift the hem of the sweater up, exposing his still flat stomach, she puts the gel on his stomach and then places the wand to his skin, the screen is turned away from them--Hannibal wants to insist they turn it, but doesn't want to upset Will more if what appears on the screen isn't good.

"Oh." The word slips out of her mouth it's quiet but Hannibal catches it and he knows Will does too.

"Oh what? What's wrong?" Will speaks before Hannibal can.

"I am so sorry,"

Will interrupts her with a loud wail.

"No, no, I shouldn't have said it that way," she turns the screen towards them, "I was going to apologize for whoever did your first ultrasound, they missed this." She points to the screen, there are two dark spots amongst the fuzzy grey, and inside those spots are two fetuses, hearts fluttering quickly.

"Two?"

"Yep, congratulations, you're pregnant with twins."

"Oh my god, I'm losing two more babies?" Will cries.

"No, mylimasis, you are not losing any babies."

"But I'm bleeding and it *hurt* ."

The doctor enters the room then, "Well, Dr. Lecter, Mr. Graham, you are not miscarrying. Your hCG levels are above average."

"I'm not losing the baby.. babies?"

"No."

Will sobs again, but Hannibal knows he's not sad.

"We're really having twins?"

"You sure are." The ultrasound technician says peppily--it's too early for such excitement, but Hannibal feels it too.

"Hannibal, two!"

"I heard, mylimasis."Hannibal wraps his arm around Will's shoulders and rubs his palm up and down Will's sweater covered arm.

"Why did my stomach hurt so bad? Why was I bleeding?"

"Well, I would like to do a pelvic exam, check for any issues with your cervix, but if everything looks good, I'd say a late form of implantation bleeding, it's fairly common in singleton pregnancy and even more so with multiples. The pain could've been from the implantation bleeding, or perhaps you simply ate something that didn't agree with your stomach."

"Are you sure?"

"No, but like I said all your hormones levels are good, really good in fact. You'll need to speak to your ob/gyn but it's likely they will want to increase your dose of prenatal vitamins. There's nothing on your ultrasound to indicate an issue with your placenta and unless we find some kind of issue with your cervix, everything should be fine."

Hannibal could feel the excitement coming from Will.

"I wouldn't typically be able to do this but, here you should have this." The ultrasound technician hands them a few printed out images of their babies.

The pelvic exam goes smoothly, no abnormalities with his cervix, everything looks good. They're sent home with instructions to make an appointment as soon as possible with their ob/gyn and for Will to rest in bed and not do anything strenuous.

--

Hannibal helps Will get his shoes off, then kicks off his own, and picks Will up, he insists on carrying Will up to bed, "Are you hungry, my love?" He asks as he places Will on their bed.

"Hannibal it's barely five-thirty, I want to go back to sleep."

"That's not what I asked."

"I mean, yes a little bit--still a little nauseous though--and I want to sleep."

"Go back to sleep, I'll go down and make breakfast for you three and I'll wake you when it's done."

Will whines, "No, I want you to stay, lay back down with me. Please, Hannibal."

"My alarm would've been going off in about an hour anyway, I'll go make breakfast."

"Please, alpha. Stay with me, hold me." There's just enough omega whine in his voice that Hannibal can't resist him.

"Okay, okay, mylimasis." Hannibal lifts the blanket and climbs into the bed with Will.

Will's arms wrap around Hannibal's torso, pulling him close, he lays his head on Hannibal's chest, "Hannibal, you said you can smell cinnamon, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, if there are two babies.. why can you only smell one? Or do they both have the same scent? Do twins share a scent?"

"I don't know, it's been known for siblings to have similar scents, so I believe it's entirely possible for twins to have the same scent, or at least have half of the same scent.. for example they could both scent like cinnamon but one could scent like cinnamon and bergamot and the other could scent like cinnamon and kumquat." Hannibal places his palm on Will's stomach, "It's a possibility that our children have the same scent and that's why I can only smell cinnamon now."

Will sighs sleepily, "I can't wait till they're born."

"Me too, my love, me too." Hannibal rubs gently across Will's belly, "Sleep now, I'll be here when you wake up." He kisses the top of Will's head and listens as his breathing evens out and he falls asleep.

--

Their follow up appointment with Dr. Whalen isn't until Will is almost twelve weeks, she was very busy, and since Will hadn't experienced any more pain or bleeding they decided it would be okay to wait for her to become available, rather than go to a different doctor. She apologizes for the missed twin and reassures them that both babies look healthy and like they're growing the exact right amount.

She increases Will's dose of prenatal vitamins and tells him to drink lots of water to stay hydrated. She tells them that now that they know the pregnancy is multiples, they'll need to schedule appointments once a month instead of every other. She also asks if they would like to schedule their twenty-week ultrasound, it's mainly an anatomy scan to check the baby’s growth, but they can also find out their genders as well.

Hannibal tells her they will schedule the scan before they leave.

Before she leaves she tells Will to take it easy but assures him that as long as he doesn't overdo it, he won't have to go on bed rest.

They schedule the scan with the receptionist and leave the office, on the way to the car Will asks, "Can we find out their genders? Please."

"If you'd like to, and they cooperate, then yes, of course."

"Hannibal?"

"What?"

"What do you want them to be?"

"It doesn't matter to me, so long as they are both healthy."

"Will you be upset if I don't give you a son?" They're getting into the car when Will asks.

"My love, if we have two little girls, I will not be upset. Besides, you are young yet, and because we've bonded my prime will not end, I can get you pregnant until the day I die, if we do not have a son and you want one, we will keep trying, and if we end up with fifty little girls running around that is okay."

"All alpha's want their firstborn to be a son.. to be an alpha like him."

"I don't care about that, if only ever have one son and he is an omega, so be it, as long as he is healthy and happy, I will be happy. Will, where is this doubt coming from?"

"Conditioning, I guess. I just.. I want to give you *everything* you could ever want."

"I already have everything I could ever want, I have you, and our babies that grow inside of you, be them boys or girls or one of each, alpha, omega or beta, none of that matters." Hannibal reaches over with his right hand, and places it on Will's belly as he drives, the touch only lasts for a moment, but Hannibal swears he can *feel* their children.

"I love you."

"And I love you, mylimasis."

--

Hannibal starts to notice the slight swell of Will's belly soon after the appointment with Dr. Whalen, it's subtle but Hannibal notices changes every day. He keeps his hands on Will's abdomen as much as possible, sitting together on the sofa, at the dinner table, in bed at night, light touches in the car while driving--Hannibal can't stop touching the ever-growing baby bump.

Will's morning sickness subsides for the most part, and thankfully his appetite comes back in full force--he's half ravenous most of the time. Hannibal never has to put leftovers away because Will eats everything--some nights he even steals bites off of Hannibal's plate.

The weeks pass by quickly, and easily, Will's belly growing rounder, and rounder every day.

Seventeen weeks in Will wakes Hannibal up in the middle of the night, frantic, kneeling on the bed next to Hannibal, looming over him, "Hannibal, wake up, please, wake up."

"What? What is going on? Is everything okay?"

"I know you won't be able to feel it, but, but I felt them or one of them move."

Hannibal's hand immediately goes to Will's stomach--it's unlikely he'll be able to feel the babies move for a few more weeks, but just knowing they're in there moving around beneath his palm makes his heart swell with happiness. "Describe it for me, mylimasis."

"I woke up because I had to pee for the four hundredth time, and I felt this fluttery motion and at first I thought it was just like gas or something, but it kept happening."

He rubs Will's stomach, "I'm so very glad you got to feel them moving."

"They're really in there, growing and soon they're gonna be here and we're really going to be a family and after my dad died I never thought.." Will is crying and Hannibal can't tell for sure if he's happy or sad or maybe even both.

"We are already a family, Will. We have been since the day I brought you home with me. You, Winston, Sébastien, and the twins are my entire world now, there's nothing I would let come between us. I know we haven't spoken about it yet, but Will would you want to get married before they're born?"

"You want to marry me.. now?"

"Not right this minute, my love," Hannibal glances at the clock on his bedside table, "being that it's currently three forty-eight in the morning, but yes, I want to marry you as soon as possible if that is what you want."

"A big grand wedding?"

"It may take a while to plan everything out, but if you want a big grand wedding, then that is what I will give you, I'm sure we can get it all planned and see it through before the twins are born."

"And if I don't want a big wedding?"

"Then I will take you to the courthouse and marry you after breakfast."

"Today?"

"If that's what you want, yes."

"I do, want that. Maybe after the babies are born we can have a big wedding.. or just the party or whatever if you want of course, but I just.. I want you to be my husband, I want to be Will Lecter, I want our babies to have parents who are married and in love. I never.. I never knew my mother. My parents weren't married and dad was in love and she wasn't. She was an alpha who uh.. she didn't bond with my father and uh I'm sure you're aware that alphas have a voice naturally, they don't have to bond to have it the way omegas do, after bonding it's more effective, but anyway she tried to use her voice on my dad to um t-t-to get *rid* of me. She didn't know dad was chimera and that before bonding alpha voices don't affect us. She was so pissed when he went through with the pregnancy and kept me." Will sighs, "Dad never saw her again after I was born when I was like three or maybe four I asked him where mommy was and he told me she died, but then I heard him talking to someone he knew from the boatyard about her leaving. Fuck, Hannibal, I was six years old when he told me the truth. I didn't understand it then, but I knew I would never have a mommy like the other kids. I don't want our kids to ever feel like that, I was so sad. I don't want our kids to grow up with parents who don't get along often or who hate each other or something.. I don't want that for our kids. I just want them to have a happy, normal family."

"And they will, mylimasis. I promise you that."

"Our children will grow up happy and healthy and never wanting for anything. You will never be denied anything you want, I would give you the world, my love."

"Oh, Hannibal, they're moving again."

"I know, I can't actually feel it, but I can feel it through you, and it is incredible."

--

"Good afternoon, Dr. Lecter, Mr. Graham."

"Dr. and Mr. Lecter, please."

"Oh, congratulations. Now before the scan, do you want to find out the gender of your babies?"

"Absolutely," Will says enthusiastically.

"Will is very excited." Hannibal smiles.

"Well let's get to it then."

Will lifts his shirt and prepares himself for the cold gel that she will be applying to his warm skin.

She applies the gel and presses the wand to Will's stomach, gliding it around, tapping buttons on a keyboard, telling them baby A is measuring slightly larger than baby B, but reassuring them that it is perfectly normal. She presses a button on the keyboard and suddenly the room is filled with a whooshing thump, one of their baby's heartbeats.

Tears leak from the corners of Will's eyes, "Oh, Hannibal listen."

Hannibal squeezes Will's hand.

The ultrasound technician moved the wand again, "Baby B's heartbeat."

"It's so fast."

"Both babies appear to be in good positions, are you ready for me to find out their genders?"

"Please."

She moves the wand around, "Baby A, look." She points at the screen.

They look, and there it is, "A boy, oh, Hannibal, you get to have a son."

"I told you as long as they're healthy, I'm happy."

She moves the wand around again, "And baby B." She doesn't point this time, baby B's legs are spread wide, everything on display.

"A little girl, Hannibal." Will whines, smiling from ear to ear.

The ultrasound technician then shows them as much of the baby's faces as she can, the boy has his hands and arms up covering the sides of his face, but they get to see a little bit. The girl shows them more than the boy, but before they can really get a good look she brings her tiny little hands up and covers her face too.

"They're shy."

"They want us to be thoroughly surprised when they arrive."

She prints out some pictures again and hands them a disc with the entire ultrasound on it, this time they'll be able to hear their babies' heartbeats if they watch it.

--

Will had offered up his nest to be made into a nursery, Hannibal had insisted on not doing that. An omegas nest is special and a necessity, they had two more guest rooms in the house, either of them would work as a shared nursery, and then when they were older they could each have their own spaces.

Will had wanted to paint the nursery himself, Hannibal had tried to insist on hiring professionals but Will had whined and purred and Hannibal couldn't resist him.

They painted the nursery a soft shade of grey, the cribs were dark black wood and the crib sheets were deep purple shades--similar to the color of Hannibal's sweater Will had been wearing when he went into heat before they bonded. When Hannibal asked why Will chose that color specifically, since nurseries typically were outfitted in light, airy colors that were soothing to an omega, Will told him that the eggplant shade *was* soothing to him and that it reminded him of their bonding and made him incredibly happy. The other furniture in the room was made of the same dark black wood, to offset the darkness the shelves on the walls were bright white and there was a plush lilac--had Will picked lilac because Hannibal had told him that his scent was lilac--rug on the floor. Hannibal had momentarily worried that people may perceive the nursery as *feminine* because of the purples but quickly realized that he didn't care what others thought nor did he truly believe in gendered colors--boys in blue and girls in pink was archaic, gender doesn't determine what color you're allowed to like. In that thinking, he realized the same was true for subgenders and he stopped questioning any of the dark colors Will chose.

The nursery was completed by the time Will was thirty weeks. His belly was getting so big and Hannibal was in awe each time he felt their children move within Will. The first time he felt the movement beneath Will's skin he had cried, "They are truly alive in there." The first time he actually *saw* the movement beneath Will's skin, a little foot pushing outward, he had cried again, "They're trying to escape." They had laughed so hard that Will nearly wet himself.

Will didn't want a baby shower though, after much pestering from Margot and Alana, he agreed to a small dinner party--just the four of them--with a couple of gifts that they insisted on getting him.

At thirty-five weeks along Hannibal *knew* Will was getting very close to giving birth, not only was he constantly cleaning and straightening up things he'd already straightened, but he also insisted on sleeping in their nest every night instead of the master bedroom, sleeping nude had been something he'd insisted on for months, "I need to be able to *feel* you, Hannibal, please."

--

Hannibal is woken up in the middle of the night to Will climbing on top of him, "Mylimasis, what are you doing?" He asks, still half asleep.

"Alpha, please, need you." Will whines, Hannibal can feel the wetness between his thighs--he would never complain but they haven't had sex in weeks, Will was always too tired or too sore from carrying the weight of their babies--Hannibal's cock thickens at the sensation. The scent of Will's slick hits him next and Hannibal plans to take full advantage of the situation.

His hands find Will's hips easily, steadying him. Will purrs and shifts his hips, "Please."

Hannibal guides his length to Will's slick entrance, lifts his hips slightly and pushes inside of Will, who immediately rocks his hips back and forth, "Oh, fuck." Hannibal's knees bend, his feet plant themselves flat on the bed for leverage and he thrusts up--without Will actually lifting up the thrust doesn't *do* much, but the motion makes Will moan so Hannibal repeats it, over and over.

Will's palms are pressed flat against Hannibal's chest, rubbing at his chest hair. He moves his hips back and forth, slowly, never truly lifting himself up to drop back down. He clenches tightly around Hannibal.

One hand leaves Will's hip, slipping up his side to rub his thumb gently across one of Will's nipples--they're so sensitive--slick and precum dribble from Will's cock at the first touch.

Will's breasts have begun to soften, they are only slightly larger than before, small and round, but not noticeably so unless you are looking intently. Male omegas breasts will fill with milk to feed their children, but will not become overly round and painful the way a female would, there just isn't the same amounts of milk ducts and tissues in their breasts, but both can adequately nourish their babes. Hannibal's palm cups the soft, round mound of Will's breast, lightly massaging the flesh--if he's not careful he could stimulate Will into lactating, maybe that is his intention--thumb still gently swiping across the hardened peak of his nipple.

He whines what sounds like, "Daddy" and Hannibal's brain short circuits for a moment--Will hasn't called him such during sex since his last heat, there had been a few times when talking to Winston where he'd called Hannibal daddy, or when speaking to the babies in his belly, but not during sex and though Hannibal would never admit it, he *missed* Will calling him daddy, being allowed to take care of Will and have Will be such a good boy for him.

"You are such a good boy for daddy." Hannibal begins thrusting upward again, harder than before--it's a challenge from his position and from the weight of Will but he wouldn't have it any other way right now, Will's belly swollen with their babies on top of him, dripping and moaning above him--it's like bliss to him.

Will whimpers and tries to lift himself up, he struggles but quickly gains control, he shifts so his knees are to the bed instead of his feet as they were a moment ago. "Ah, daddy, your cock feels so good inside me, fuckin' me so good." Moans and whines become higher pitched and more breathy as he alternates back and forth rocking motions with up and down movements.

"You like having daddy's cock inside you?" He gently squeezes at Will's breast, stimulating the glands within, light golden liquid begins to leak from his nipple.

"Oh, oh fuck." Will moves his hips faster, "Gonna come, daddy."

Hannibal swipes his thumb through the colostrum Will is leaking, he brings it to his mouth to taste, there is a salty edge to the sweetness.

Will's cock spurts cum and slick across Hannibal's belly and chest.

"Can I move you, my love?"

"Yeah, yeah, do whatever you want to me." Will pants.

Hannibal helps Will down onto the bed, pulls him to the edge, shoves pillows underneath his shoulders and head, lays him onto his back, leans over him, and kisses him--can Will taste his colostrum on Hannibal's tongue?

Will purrs as Hannibal kisses him, *"I want you inside me again, please daddy."* Will runs his teeth along Hannibal's fangs as they kiss.

Hannibal slides off the bed to stand between Will's legs, **"You need daddy's cock inside your dripping cunt?"** Will moans and tries to pull Hannibal down onto him. **"No, no, mylimasis. Be a good boy and lie still."** He reaches down and touches Will's other breast--he doesn't want it to feel left out--rubbing at his nipple and pressing down with his fingertips. His other hand moves between Will's legs, fingers running along the soft folds, becoming sticky with slick.

"Please, daddy, please." Will whines, there's a hint of his omega voice.

He slides his fingers--three at once--inside Will, thrusting slowly. Will's breast starts to leak, Hannibal leans down and licks at the golden liquid, sucking the hardened nub into his mouth, more colostrum leaks into Hannibal's mouth--Will will produce more than enough for the children, Hannibal can indulge this time.

Will's pussy tightens around Hannibal's fingers, hips lifting off the bed, "Ah, ah, daddy, please, please fuck me."

Hannibal moves to Will's other nipple, licking and sucking gently. Will's fingers tangle in Hannibal's hair, pulling. He releases Will's nipple causing Will to relax his grip on Hannibal's hair, he kisses Will again, pulls his fingers out, and slides his cock in. He grabs Will's thighs, holding them up, Will wraps his legs around Hannibal. His thrusts are deep and slow, Hannibal growls low in his chest, the sound rumbles, and Will purrs and whines and clenches around Hannibal's cock.

"Make me come, daddy, please, please, make me come."

Hannibal's knot begins to swell--he hasn't knotted Will in months. "Do you want daddy to knot you? Fill you up?"

"Please, gimme your knot, daddy, please," Will begs so, so sweetly.

He pulls Will's hips to him, cock head touching Will's cervix as his knot swells completely, locking them together. Despite the knot Will's slick and cum leaks out around Hannibal's cock.

Will's chest is slick with sweat and colostrum, and Hannibal wishes he could lean down and lick it all off. He knows that once the babies are born Will's breast milk is for them, to nourish them and keep them healthy, but Hannibal *will* get a taste at some point.

His knot deflates, and as he pulls out his cum mixed with Will's slick and cum gush out, soaking the sheets and mattress of their nest.

Hannibal lays next to Will, arm resting protectively across his belly, he leans across Will licking at his chest.

"Hannibal, stop. I'm so sensitive."

"I'm sorry, mylimasis, you just taste so good, I told you before I want to *devour* you."

" Well devour me later, right now I'm tired. Hold me and let me sleep." Will smiles softly--sleepily and lays his head on Hannibal's chest.

--

"Oh fuck, Hannibal!" Will yells from upstairs, Hannibal drops the spatula into the pan, turns the burner off quickly and runs up the stairs.

He finds Will sitting in their bed tablet tossed onto the blanket next to him, "What's wrong, Will?"

"I uh, I think my water just broke."

"In the bed?"

"I think so, yeah. You know my back has been hurting all day.. I think maybe it's not just a backache.. I think they're contractions. And unless I just pissed myself, the gush of water and the wet spot are from my water breaking. Hannibal, I can't have them now, they're not ready, I'm not due for three and a half weeks."

"They will be fine, my love. You are thirty-six weeks and four days along, it's okay. Now let's get you up, cleaned up, and to the hospital. I'll call Dr. Whalen while you change."

Hannibal calls the doctor who says she will meet them at the hospital, Hannibal could have waited and let the hospital call her but he wanted to be sure she was there when they arrived. He calls the hospital to tell them they are on the way as well, again not really a necessary step, but one he takes anyway. He also calls Alana and asks if she can come over to let Winston out and feed him, she agrees easily and happily knowing that Will is in labor.

"Hannibal, I'm fucking leaking."

He enters the bathroom, Will is sitting on the toilet, one sock on with one of Hannibal's expensive dark blue button-up shirts--the wrinkles in it tell Hannibal Will got it from the hamper, otherwise completely naked. "Leaking?"

"Yes, leaking."

"Amniotic fluid?"

"Yes. What the fuck am I supposed to do? I can't put pants on, they'll be wet by the time we get there. Oh, fuck, ow."

"Are you experiencing a contraction now?"

"Yes, fuck, Hannibal, it hurts."

Hannibal wraps his arms around Will, presenting his wrist, letting Will scent him--soothing himself. "Better?"

Will nods, "Thank you."

"No need to thank me, my love, it's what a good alpha does for their omega. Now, let me help you."

Hannibal moves away from Will, goes back into the bedroom, grabs a pair of maternity underwear from the dresser, comes back and grabs a postpartum sanitary pad from under the sink, "It will keep you dry."

"I didn't even think of them, thank you." Will looks like he's going to cry.

"Don't cry, mylimasis, it's okay." Hannibal knows it's the fluctuating hormones and he knows Will isn't crying because he's sad. He helps Will dress fully, grabs Will's hospital bag and the diaper bag, and takes Will's hand, lacing their fingers together, and leads him out to the car. They have to stop halfway there when Will cries out in pain again.

The pain subsides and Hannibal puts the bags into the backseat of the Bentley, in-between the car seats he'd installed last week. He helps Will into the front seat, buckling him in, pressing a quick, chaste kiss to Will's lips.

He drives quickly and carefully to the hospital, Will has three more contractions in the car, they're coming quickly and lasting a bit longer each time--Will must've been in labor all day and neither of them realized--the babies are coming today.

He parks then grabs the bags, and helps Will out of the car, arm wrapped around his waist, he helps him walk into the hospital. They check-in and are taken up to the maternity ward. He helps Will get comfortable on the bed, they put fetal heart monitors around his belly and one to monitor the contractions, he's had four more since they arrived.

"Hannibal, it hurts."

"I know, mylimasis, I'm so sorry." He stands next to the bed, hand resting on Will's shoulder, trying to soothe him by touch.

The nurse puts an IV into the back of his hand, checks his vitals, and tells them the doctor will be in real soon to check on them, but if they need anything to hit the call button and she'll be back right away. She also recommends Will change into a hospital gown before the doctor comes in.

"Would you like me to help you change?"

"I don't want to, I don't wanna lose your scent, please, alpha."

"Okay, it's okay, you don't have to change." Yet--he leaves that unspoken for now. Will is going to have to change into the hospital gown soon, he can't give birth in sweatpants.

"Can I scent you? Please."

Hannibal brings his wrist to Will's nose.

"No, your neck, please."

He leans over Will allowing him to push his nose into the scent gland on Hannibal's neck, he licks at the bonding bit as he does so. There is a quick knock on the door before it opens and Dr. Whalen walks in accompanied by a different nurse than the one before.

She checks the monitors they've got Will hooked up to, "I'd hoped not to see you for at least another two weeks, but your babies know when they're ready and they want to come out and meet you now." She smiles as she pulls on a pair of gloves. "I need to check your cervix for dilation now, Hannibal told me your water broke at home." She speaks softly to Will.

"Ow, Hannibal, I can't do this."

"You can, mylimasis, you must." He knows Will isn't talking about the cervical check, or giving birth, he knows Will is afraid of being a parent. "Let me help you get your pants and underwear off now."

"You're free to get dressed again, in your own clothes, after if that will help you relax, and as long as we long as we don't move this to the OR there is no reason why you can't stay in your own clothes, in fact with a lot of omegas it helps them relax during delivery, to have something that smells like their alpha or even just their laundry detergent--it's a comfort thing and it's perfectly fine."

Hannibal helps Will undress from the waist down. **"It's going to be all okay, my love."**

"I'm scared, Hannibal."

"As am I, but it's going to be okay, soon we'll have our babies in our arms, and this will all be over."

Will smiles at him, and grabs his hand, his smile soon turns to a grimace, Hannibal feels Will's claws begin to pop out. *"What the fuck is she doing? It fucking hurts."*

"She's checking how far open your cervix is, I can't imagine it's comfortable, but it will be over quickly. You need to keep your claws in check, my love." He gently squeezes Will's hand.

"How long have you been having contractions, Will?"

"I don't know, my back has hurt, really badly since last night, but I mean it's been hurting for weeks now, but then when my water broke I figured maybe it wasn't just a backache."

"You're dilated to seven, I'd wager you've been experiencing back labor since last night. At your ultrasound last week both babies were in the proper position for you to give birth vaginally, if you still want to do that then we'll wait this out, if you'd feel more comfortable having a c-section then I can go down and start getting the OR prepped for that. I know we didn't get the chance to speak much about your birthing plan, I'd hoped to discuss it with you at your checkup next week. Remember you have options, but you need to make them soon. And if you'd like an epidural, it should be done soon as well, I know we discussed going for natural childbirth but again, you have options. I'll leave you two to discuss and I'll be back shortly. Now that your water has broken your labor is going to progress a lot quicker, contractions will be stronger, and last longer, we don't have time to waste not making decisions." She discards the gloves and then they both.

"Guess I don't need to put my pants back on." Will laughs lightly then says, "I'm sorry my claws started to pop, I don't know if I'm going to be able to control them, stress and fear and pain bring them out without me wanting them to, I'll try though, I promise. I don't want to have surgery and I don't want to be all drugged out when our babies are born." An epidural doesn't typically cause a *drugged-out* effect but Hannibal understands Will's concerns.

"I know, she said vaginal delivery is possible if that's what you are sure you want then that is what we will do. The only way you will go into surgery is if complications arise, I promise."

Will opens his mouth to speak, but instead gasps, Hannibal looks to the monitor--seeings the lines spiking.

"Breathe, Will, the pain will pass."

"Hannibal, I need you to hold me, please." Will grits his teeth.

Hannibal doesn't think, he climbs into the bed behind Will, the plasticy underpads crinkle beneath them, he pulls Will in between his legs and pulls him back to his chest, he can feel the warmth of Will's skin through their clothes. He doesn't think about the IV or the monitors, he doesn't think about *fluids* getting on his expensive slacks and dress shirt, all he thinks about is comforting his mate and helping him through labor.

Will pulls the blanket up over them, trying to relax in his alpha's arms. "I love you so much, ma moitié," Will whispers.

Hannibal gently rubs up and down Will's arms, he wants to put his hands on his belly but doesn't want to disrupt any of the monitors, "I love you too, more than you will ever know, mylimasis." Hannibal kisses the top of his head, nuzzling into his hair.

Dr. Whalen and the same nurse return after about ten minutes, Hannibal senses the shock on Dr. Whalen when she sees Hannibal in the hospital bed with Will, but she doesn't mention it or question them about it. The nurse, she'd told them her name was Jenny, smiled softly at them.

"Have you two made a decision?"

Will is tense in Hannibal's arms, breathing heavily--he's having another contraction--Hannibal answers for him, "Natural childbirth, no pain medications, and no surgery unless necessary."

"Breathe, mylimasis, slowly, in through your nose, hold it and out through your mouth."

"Okay, we'll be back in twenty minutes to do another cervical check to see how quickly you're progressing." She looks at the monitors as she speaks.

They leave them alone again and Will finally relaxes in Hannibal's arms, "This fucking hurts, I just want them to be born already."

"Soon, my love. Have you given more thought to their names?"

"Some, yes, but I don't want to commit to a name until I see their faces."

"We'll know their names when we see them. Names are a unique thing that everyone has yet few people truly get to choose."

"If either of them ever want to change their name, will you let them?"

"I think giving them a period of time to try out a new name before letting them truly change it would be wise, but after that, if they still would like to change their name then they will have my blessing."

"You're gonna be such a good daddy."

"As will you, my love."

Will inhales sharply, and grabs Hannibal's hand, "I think they're getting closer together."

"I haven't been timing them exactly but I'd say every three to five minutes."

Will whines--full of pain--and Hannibal wishes he could take it from him. Hannibal had never been the type to want to help people, but with Will, he would do *anything* . "Are they going to call me mommy?"

"Mommy or daddy, whichever you prefer."

"You're daddy, not me."

"You can be called daddy too if that is what you want."

"Maybe they should just call me Will."

"If that's what you truly want, but I would rather they call you mom or dad."

"I'm sorry, I'm being stupid, this just hurts so much, and I never thought I'd be here with my *husband* and having a baby--babies that are actually going to be mine." Tears stream down Will's face, again it's the hormones, but Hannibal feels like it's more than that--a deep-seated fear within him from losing his father at such a young age, not having a mother who loved and wanted him, growing up with Molson and Mason Verger being trained to please an alpha and be bred and used and then discarded.

"No, mylimasis, it's okay, you're okay, and I'm not going anywhere, we are a family and we will be until the divines separate us."

Will tenses up again, squeezing Hannibal's hand.

Dr. Whalen and Jenny enter the room before the contraction subsides, "Doing alright in here?"

"I'm sure your charts will tell you more accurately but it seems his contractions are every three to five minutes lasting approximately fifty-four seconds each." Hannibal has been counting in his head the entire time, wanting to be sure everything is progressing properly--he'd never been very interested in obstetrics and had done the least amount of hours required during his residency, but he knew enough that if necessary he could've delivered their babies.

"You're very observant, Dr. Lecter. Will, are you feeling okay?" She pulls gloves on as she speaks.

"Hurts like a bitch, but I'm okay."

"Distract me, this part hurts almost worse than the fucking contractions."

"What would you like me to tell you, my love?"

Will grunts and clutches Hannibal's hand tightly, *"Fuck, I don't know, anything."*

"I've been meaning to ask, after our children are born and you've healed, would you like to go out hunting with me again?"

"Do I get to fuck you while covered in blood again?" Hannibal detects snark and interest in Will's mental tone.

"You're progressing quicker than I would've expected, you're already at a nine and you've only been here for about an hour. We'll start getting the room ready for delivery."

"Almost time, mylimasis. I thought that didn't arouse you?" Hannibal teases him.

"You arouse me, but the blood made me feel feral like we were animals sharing our prey."

"I must admit, since the beginning I've wanted to cover you in the blood of someone we killed together and then make you come."

"If I wasn't in so much fucking pain I'd be getting wet right now."

Hannibal hadn't intended to turn their telepathic conversation sexual, but sex is a natural thing as is labor and childbirth--some of the same hormones are released in an orgasm that are released during childbirth. **"Am I arousing you now, mylimasis?"**

"Fuck, yes, I don't know how with the pain but yes. Thinking about killing with you and, and you touching me."

"Oxytocin. There have been a few articles citing that orgasm can be a natural pain reliever during labor."

"I know I probably shouldn't but, I wish you could fuck me right now, make me come, make me not hurt."

"Do you want me to touch you, Will?"

Will whines--not an entirely painful whine. *"Where do you want to touch me?"*

"I cannot penetrate you, there is a higher risk of infection now that your water has broken," Hannibal doesn't finish his thought, instead he slips his hand under Will's shirt, careful of the fetal monitors and moves to cup Will's breast, fingers spread across the soft mound, palm to his nipple. **"However I can touch you here."**

"Are you going to make me lactate again? Fuck, tasting it on your tongue was.. incredible."

"I had worried you wouldn't like that or wouldn't want me to stimulate you in such a way."

Will tenses slightly, but is still relatively relaxed in Hannibal's embrace. *"You couldn't tell that I liked it? I know it's for the babies, but I want to share it with you too."*

"Your body will produce more, enough to nourish our children and us--if that is what you want. Omega bodies know precisely how much to produce, and there are natural ways to aid the body in producing more. I knew you liked it by the way your heart raced and how you produced more slick. I knew you liked it after I did it, before that, I worried I was overstepping some invisible boundary."

"I have no boundaries with you, Hannibal. Oh fuck, it hurts but feels so good."

Hannibal massages the soft tissue of Will's breast gently swipes his fingertips across his hardened nipple. **"It's supposed to feel good."** His free hand slips beneath the blanket, Will's cock isn't hard and Hannibal hadn't really expected it to be, however, the head is slightly wet and sticky--a small amount of slick dribbles from the slit. **"Natural pain relief, my love."**

"They're going to be back soon, can you hear them coming? I don't know what I can hear anymore."

"Are you afraid of getting caught? Do you think we will get into trouble? Orgasms are natural and useful, and if anyone tries to berate us for me pleasuring you, we will kill them." Hannibal's thumb presses against the wet head of Will's cock, while he gently caresses Will's breast, his hand moves to cup and rub his other breast--as his forearm brushes against Will's nipple he feels a small smear of wetness.

Will pants and moans quietly, his eyes have slipped closed and his head is turned as far as is comfortable--trying to get his nose to Hannibal's scent gland. *"Can we eat them too?"*

"Oh, Will, you know just what to say to me, don't you?"

"Of course I do, I'm your good boy, remember? Good boys know what to do to make their daddy happy."

Hannibal growls quietly, **"You are so good for me, mylimasis. Always such a good boy. But you didn't answer me, are you afraid of them catching us?"**

"I'm not afraid of being caught, I couldn't care less what they think, but I can feel how hard you are, and I don't want anyone else to see that your cock is mine, Hannibal."

"Feeling possessive?" Hannibal caresses Will's soft cock.

"I always feel possessive of you, it's my chimera nature being brought out because of you." Will whimpers and moans, both breasts steadily leaking small droplets of colostrum, cock drooling slick thickly all over Hannibal's hand. *"I think I'm going to come, I'm not even hard. Fuck, Hannibal."* Will tenses up in Hannibal's arms, he momentarily worries the contractions are too strong and overpower the pleasure, that worry quickly vanishes when he scents cum. There is no cum leaking from Will's cock, his orgasm was vaginal with only minimal stimulation to his cock and breasts--Hannibal wonders if he could, at a later date, make Will come with only nipple stimulation, or perhaps only penetration but no cock stimulation. "Oh my God." Will's breath comes out in short pants.

"Are you thoroughly distracted and satisfied, mylimasis?"

"Oh fuck you, I can still feel your cock pressing against my lower back, you were getting off on that."

"Of course I was, remember dear, *you* arouse me."

"Do you want to come?"

"No, I'm okay, besides I can hear them coming down the hall, listen."

"Hannibal, they're going to be able to smell my cum.. see it."

"Mmhm."

"And if they say anything we kill them later?"

"Precisely."

"You are the worst."

"Worst, best? Same thing." Hannibal smiles though Will cannot see it.

"Don't get cocky, Dr. Lecter."

"Oh, I would never, Mr. Lecter."

Before either can say anything else, Dr. Whalen, Jenny, and four other nurses walk into the room.

Hannibal watches as each one of their nostrils flare when they catch the scent of Will's release--none comment on it much to Hannibal's disappointment. Hannibal pays little attention to them as they bring in two of each baby item in preparation--he's focusing on trying to comfort Will, helping him breathe through his contractions.

"You'll need to get out of the bed."

"No, Hannibal, no."

"Is that necessary?"

"It's highly unorthodox for anyone to be in the bed with the laboring patient."

"But will it impede the way Will's labor progresses? Or how he will be able to push?"

"Well no, but,"

"Then I'll stay here as long as Will wants, I'm sure you're well aware that an alpha's touch can help to soothe and relax their omega, and I'm also sure you are aware that a relaxed patient, especially an omega, will help delivery go smoothly. I understand you want to do what is best for Will and our children's well-being, but so long as Will wants me here, I'm staying." Hannibal is not about to abandon Will now, he knows they would just have him sit or stand next to the bed, but from his position on the bed with Will he can relatively easily allow Will to scent him, and this way he can help support Will during pushing--often during labor the person giving birth is stuck flat on their back, struggling to push, despite studies showing that sitting up a fair amount can be a much better position to push in.

Dr. Whalen nods, "Alright, but the first sign of any kind of distress or discomfort for Will and you move."

"Absolutely."

"If you start to feel pressure or the urge to push, you let us know, okay?"

"Yeah, okay." Hannibal could tell that Will was still riding the high of his orgasm, but it wasn't going to last very long.

"Just breathe and try to relax, mylimasis."

Maybe ten minutes pass before Will goes still, squeezes Hannibal's hand,, and cries out in pain.

"Breathe, slowly, in through your nose, hold it and out through your mouth."

Will tries to follow the breathing pattern but whines halfway through.

"Shh, just breathe through the pain." Hannibal's hands rest on Will's bare thighs beneath the blanket, he rubs gentle little circles into his skin, trying to soothe him, but he's unsure how.

Hannibal has heard of alpha's using their voice to calm a laboring omega but he's unsure if he wants to try, forcing Will to relax using an alpha command doesn't seem like something Will would be okay with, and Hannibal is unwilling to do anything to upset Will right now.

"It hurts, Hannibal, it's worse than before."

There are at least six nurses other than Jenny in the room moving things around and preparing for the babies to arrive. Neither Hannibal nor Will pays attention to them--Hannibal focuses on Will alone and Will tries to focus on Hannibal.

"Breathe, my love, it'll all be over soon."

"Is it too late to change my mind?"

"About what?"

"It hurts, please, alpha, please make it stop."

"You want pain medicine?"

"I want to be lucid when they're born, but I can't do this, it hurts so much."

"What does it feel like? Contractions?"

"And pressure."

"We need to inform Dr. Whalen, were you not listening when she told you to let them know right away if you felt pressure?"

"I was listening but I wasn't paying attention. I'm sorry, alpha."

"Hush, you don't need to apologize to me. But you need to tell them you're feeling pressure."

"I uh, I think I can feel pressure now." Will's voice is soft and quiet, strained, and full of pain.

Dr. Whalen had stepped out of the room for a moment, she had mentioned going to make sure there was an OR prepped and ready in case of an emergency.

Nurse Jenny comes to Will's side, "Is it alright with you if I perform a cervical check?"

Will whimpers and nods, bends his knees and spreads his legs.

She puts on a clean pair of gloves, lifts the blanket up, and inserts two fingers into Will.

"It feels really weird this time, not like before."

"I need to get Dr. Whalen back in here right away, you're completely dilated and I can feel the top of one of the baby's heads. I know you're going to want to push, but try to hold off until I get your doctor back in here, okay?" She speaks quickly but calmly.

"I'll try." Will's voice shakes.

"Just keep breathing, Will."

A few minutes pass and Dr. Whalen hasn't returned yet--there are tons of nurses and even two neonatal doctors in the room to check on the babies once they're born being that they're technically preterm--but Will was instructed not to push until Dr. Whalen returned.

Nurse Jenny comes back and starts moving things around the bed, dropping the very end of the bed down, making it shorter, so that their legs hang off the end unless they bend their knees. "Dr. Lecter, since you plan on staying in the bed with him, do you want to help him hold his legs up and back? Or would you feel more comfortable using the stirrups, Will?"

"You'll help me, right?"

"I'd be more than happy to help hold his legs."

"I will always help you, mylimasis."

"Alright, if that changes at all or if we see the need then I'll put them up. We want you to be as comfortable as possible, Will." She smiles softly.

"I really feel like I need to push, Hannibal, make them let me."

"You have to wait for Dr. Whalen, I'm sorry."

"No, alpha, please."

Hannibal feels Will tense, holding his breath. **"You need to stop."**

Will doesn't stop and doesn't reply.

"I will call attention to the fact that you are pushing without the doctor."

"No, alpha, please, I need to push. It hurts."

"Will, please, I don't want you to hurt yourself or our children."

"It's how they're going to come out anyway, please, alpha."

"I can't stop you, can I? Very well push, but only a little."

"Thank you, alpha, thank you."

Hannibal feels when Will starts pushing again--that happens three more times before Dr. Whalen *finally* reappears. She sanitizes her hands as she enters the room and puts on a pair of gloves. "Let's see what's going on down here." She lifts the blanket up over Will's legs, exposing him to everyone in the room. She inserts two fingers into Will, "Baby's head is already about halfway through the birth canal. Next contraction I need you to bare down and push like you're having a bowel movement."

Nurse Jenny instructs Will and Hannibal on how to lift up and pull back his legs, she and another nurse are by each of his feet in case they need to help. She also tells Hannibal to unbutton Will's shirt so they can easily put each baby on his chest once they're delivered, skin to skin contact is important, as is the warmth from Will's body.

Dr. Whalen puts on a sterile surgical gown, a new pair of gloves, a face shield and they flip on a few extra lights, "A contraction is coming, I need you to push when it hits."

Will pushes as hard as he can until nurse Jenny tells him to stop. He cries out, and grunts and curses as he pushes.

Five more pushes and they're telling him to wait.

Dr. Whalen turns the baby and helps ease them out, she clamps the baby's cord, cuts it and puts the screaming baby onto Will's chest. "Baby A is a girl." Hannibal has tears in his eyes and Will is silently sobbing.

"I thought Baby A was the boy."

"It seems our little girl wanted to join us before her brother." Hannibal gently touches their daughter on Will's chest, nuzzling at Will's hair as he does so.

Dr. Whalen instructs Will to push again to deliver the placenta.

"What about our other baby?"

"The afterbirth must come out first then our son will make his way into the world. It's okay."

The placenta is delivered quickly and easily, though Will still seems skeptical.

Nurse Jenny takes their baby girl and hands her off to the neonatal team before taking her place next to Will's foot again.

"Next contraction I need you to push again, Will."

Six, maybe seven pushes and they're telling him to stop, to wait and within seconds Dr. Whalen is pulling the baby out, clamping and cutting the cord and placing the baby on Will's chest. "Baby B is a boy." Hannibal's tears begin to fall--he has the child, no children, he never thought he would have or even want, the notion of not wanting his own children now seems *stupid* .

Will cries harder and is too focused on the baby to really pay much attention as Dr. Whalen instructs him to push again to deliver the second placenta, Will barely notice as it comes out.

Nurse Jenny brings baby girl back over for Will to hold and nurse while one of the other nurses takes baby boy to be looked at by his own set of neonatal nurses and a doctor.

Baby girl latches on rather easily, suckling and taking her fill of colostrum from Will's breast. They bring baby boy back shortly and place him on Will's other breast, it takes him longer to latch properly but he seems to catch on.

"They're really here?"

"They are really here."

The nurses help get everything cleaned up before leaving the new parents with their babies. Nurse Jenny tells them she will be back shortly to check on Will and the babies as well as to start filling out the birth certificates.

--

"I think it's time for me to climb out of this hospital bed."

"No, please, I want you close, alpha."

"Place the babies in their bassinets and allow me to get up, I'm not going anywhere, I would just like to stretch my legs for a moment and then I will join you on the bed again, next to you this time."

Will doesn't fight, he's too exhausted to do so. He places each baby in their own bassinet and leans forward slightly to allow Hannibal to get up.

He stands, stretches slightly, unbuttons his own shirt--skin to skin is essential for both parents to engage in--helps Will move over on the bed and climbs back up next to him, this way he can hold their children too, not just Will.

Will lifts their daughter out first and hands her to Hannibal, she is precious--a few wisps of dark hair on her head, eyes a dark steely blue though most babies eyes are, her nose resembles Will's but she very clearly has Lecter cheekbones. Hannibal lays their daughter against his bare chest. Will picks their son up second and lays him on Hannibal's chest next to his sister. Their son also has dark hair, though much more than his sister, his eyes for the brief moment they were open appeared very dark not much steely blue to them, his nose is sharp like Hannibal's but he looks so much like Will.

"Have you decided what their names should be, mylimasis?"

"Are you truly sure you want me to name them both?"

"Will, we came up with that list of names together, I will be happy no matter which names you choose."

"If you're really sure."

"One hundred percent."

"Antonella Ilithyia for our daughter and Gryphon Olivier for our son."

"Antonella means firstborn, fitting for her. Gryphon means strong lord, he could be a lord someday." Hannibal pauses, "Will, did I ever tell you that I am technically a count in Lithuania?"

"Like you own a castle?"

"Yes, I haven't been there since my sister passed, but yes I still own the castle."

"Could we visit it someday?"

"There are many bad memories for me there, but I think yes, one day we can go there."

--

"I don't want to leave them."

"They will be okay, I promise, mylimasis. I don't want to leave them either, but with Gryphon still struggling to latch causing him to lose a few ounces and Antonella needs to stay under the bili lights a little longer."

"I don't want to go home without them." Will cries.

"I know, Will. But they'll be home before we know it, and I've heard from Alana, Winston misses you terribly."

"He's going to be suspicious, you know he could sense the babies, they're not inside me anymore and we're going home without them, Winston is going to be confused."

Hannibal sighs, "Winston will be fine and so will the twins."

"Alpha." Will whines.

"My love, please, don't make this any harder. You'll be coming back to see them in a couple of hours to breastfeed and pump and then we can stay until visiting hours are over and you can feed them again before we go. Then we will go home, I'll make you dinner and we can spend the rest of the night in the nest, recovering, and in the morning we will be back bright and early for you to feed them their breakfast and we'll repeat the rest of the day until they can come home. The doctors told us Antonella's bilirubin levels are steadily decreasing and she should be able to come home tomorrow or the next day."

"But Grif can't come home until he gains some weight and can latch properly. I don't want to leave them." He's been referring to Gryphon as Grif, since an hour after he was born. He hasn't come up with a nickname for Antonella yet, but Hannibal is certain he'll come up with one soon.

Hannibal wraps his arms around Will, who immediately buries his nose in Hannibal's neck, he rubs at Will's back, "I promise you, everything will be okay. They'll be safe here and we will bring them home soon." Hannibal's neck becomes wet from Will's tears.

"I didn't think about what would happen *after* they were born, I didn't think about not being able to take them home, I didn't think about these stupid uncomfortable pads, I didn't think about sore, leaking breasts, I didn't think about any of this and I hate it all. I just want to take my babies home."

Hannibal kisses the top of Will's head, "No one even said being a parent would be easy, this is just the first of many challenges that await us, mylimasis. This will pass and then another challenge will present itself, but we must be strong for ourselves and our children. We are a strong family, we cannot be torn apart, our children are strong like you and I, they will overcome their problems and be home with us and Winston very soon."

Will cries the entire ride home and until the time Hannibal takes him back to the hospital for the twins afternoon feeding.

--

Antonella comes home two days after Will was discharged. Will hated taking her home alone almost as much as he hated leaving them both.

Gryphon has to stay for a full week before he finally gains eight ounces and has no trouble latching onto Will's breast or a bottle.

The first night both babies are home is *difficult* . Will had wanted to put the babies in their nursery so they would get used to it, but he was frantic running back and forth from their room to the nursery. Luckily for Will, Hannibal had anticipated something happening, he'd purchased two bassinets to put up in the master bedroom or their nest depending on which Will preferred.

Hannibal bottle feeds the babies Will's breast milk around midnight and Will wakes up to feed them around two-thirty--alternating who wakes up and takes care of them. Winston had been thoroughly confused the first week or so until he finally understood the screaming, squalling *things* weren't leaving, that they too were family.

--

Will's first heat after having the twins is rough. The twins spend the week with Alana and Margot who are about a month away from having their own child and want the practice. Will's heat haze is bad, and he has horrible cramps. He cries and begs Hannibal **not** to breed him. And while Hannibal understands Will not wanting to become pregnant again so soon, the twins aren't even two months old yet, his rut hazed mind *doesn't* understand. He gets angry at Will and Will locks himself in their nest for almost two days before Hannibal gains control of himself. Afterward, they do mate again, but Hannibal uses special-made alpha condoms, meant to withstand an alpha's knot.

--

Antonella says her first word at eleven months, they'd both been babbling dada and mama and what Will is convinced is doggy for a while now but clear as day Antonella says, "Up." And reaches for Hannibal from the floor.

Gryphon's first word doesn't come until their first birthday, he says, "Cake."

Will cries both times, "My babies are growing up so fast."

--

"Tony, no, bad girl, you don't put things in your mouth, and you don't eat daddy's books." Will scolds their daughter pulling the slightly damp book from her hands.

Gryphon giggles from the other side of the room, "Tony trouble."

Hannibal scoops the son up, "Yes, Tony is in trouble, but daddy thinks mama shouldn't have called her a bad girl."

"I'm sorry baby girl." He looks to Hannibal, "It's a habit from all the dogs--it's your fault for getting a female dog and letting them have puppies."

"I seem to recall you begging me to get another dog that wasn't spayed, *think of what cute puppies they could make* , you are as much to blame as I am."

"Whatever you say, ma moitié." Will smiles.

"We have to catch The Ripper, he's already killed two people, that we know of, in the last seventy-two hours."

"We need a new criminal profiler."

"We don't need a new profiler, we need a shrink to examine the one we already have."

"I'm with Z, maybe a new profiler would be best."

"No way, we need a psychiatrist to *fix* our profiler."

"Starling isn't *broken* ."

"I know I'm not an FBI employee but, if you'd like I could recommend a psychiatrist to try and help you with your profiler. I would be more than happy to help, but I'm so busy with the BSHCI."

"That would be excellent, Dr. Chilton."

"I have a colleague, Hannibal Lecter, I think he'd be willing to help you. He's a bonded alpha with a couple of kids, but he's always taking new patients."

"I'll give him a call tomorrow. Thank you for your help."

"Of course, Jack, anything to help you catch The Ripper."

End Notes

And there you have it, I hope you enjoyed. I had so much fun writing this. I started the doc for it on July 10th and finished it in the early morning--like 2am--hours of August 1st.
From the very beginning I knew I wanted the ending to be left open--kinda--for a sequel where they are either on the run from the FBI or being investigated.
The labor and delivery scenes were loosely based off my own labor and delivery.. not the sex parts but I've seen numerous articles of women who used orgasms as a natural way to relieve pain while in labor, I can see how it could work.. but don't think I would've ever been able to do it. That being said as I was writing it it just seemed like something Hannibal would've seen articles about and wanted to try to help Will out.. idk, lol. Also the whole situation of Hannibal being in the hospital bed with Will while he gave birth actually happened to a lady I know, her husband was in the bed with her.. she had a midwife not a doctor and the midwife a lot more lenient about what was happening but it happened and it felt right for Hannibal to be close to Will like that.
All words/phrases translated:
"Mylimasis." - "Beloved."
"Taip, mylimasis, sunkiau nei aš kada nors turėjau." - " Yes, darling, harder than I ever had."
"Noriu paragauti tavęs, mano meilė." - "I want to taste you, my love."
"Ma moitié." - "My other half."
"Vraiment? Vous pensez à moi comme à votre moitié?" - "Really? Do you think of me as your other half?"
"Je fais, tu es tout pour moi." - "I do, you are everything to me."
"Aš tave myliu." - "I love you."
"Gerai pailsėk, vaikeli, mes tave mylim." - "Rest well, baby, we love you."
I've begun writing a sequel, not sure how long it will take me to write, but so far I am having a lot of fun writing it--so if you enjoyed and would like more from this verse, keep an eye out.
Wanna talk about this story, one of my other stories, or just in general, find me on Tumblr

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!